# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 202.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BORN IN KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 12, 1809.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

## SENT TO HEAVEN.

I HAD a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven—
Oh, so far away from here;
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet;
I longed for an angel to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer evening
On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark, next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of a rose I told it;
And the perfume, sweet and rare,
Growing faint on the blue bright ether,
Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a censer,
And I saw the incense rise;
But its clouds of rolling silver
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing:
"Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
That my heart desires to send?"

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so clear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.

And I felt in my soul's deep yearning
At last the sure answer stir—
"The music will go up to heaven,
And carry my thought to her."

It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On the music's outspread wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech—
Farther than sight can follow—
Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

## THE PANIC IN WALL STREET.

WITHIN the past fortnight a panic has prevailed in Wall Street, and stocks of all descriptions have declined from 10 to 15 per cent. Such an event, occurring simultaneously with the most bountiful crops and the most remarkable development of material wealth this country has ever known, has naturally puzzled the public, and given rise to much surprise and conjecture.

On one side we hear that the panic was fictitious; that it was created by Democratic politicians, aided by influential Democratic presses, in the hope of preventing the State of New York from voting for Lincoln. In support of this view it is alleged that Mr. Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Schell, the Collector of this port, and other leading politicians, appeared in Wall Street, and gave their personal assurance to the brokers that the Union could not survive Lincoln's election; that combinations were effected between politicians and stock-jobbers by which stocks were borrowed and sold for cash in unusual quantities, in order to depress prices; and that the "moral" of the panic, as deduced by its chief exponent, was that nothing but the success of the Fusion ticket could save the Union. This is one theory.

On another hand, it is stated that the panic really grew out of the fears aroused by the ferment in the Southern States. Though at New Orleans all is quiet, and every body seeks peace, throughout the States of Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Georgia, great excitement prevails; and if any reliance can be placed upon the assertions of the politicians and the newspapers of those States, the election of Lincoln will not be tolerated without a struggle. What form that struggle may take remains to be seen. We know that, immediately after the election of Lincoln, popular conventions will be summoned by the Governors of Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina, to consider whether the crisis requires action on the part of those States; and we have every reason to believe that very decided ground will be taken by South Carolina, at all events. What will be the upshot of the whole no one can tell. We are led to believe that the feeling in South Carolina—as in Georgia and Alabama—is growing less favorable to separate action, and that, in all probability, each State will wait for the others. But in the mean time there can be no question but, pending the discussion, uneasiness will pervade the country, and all the markets will be feverish.

A number of minor sources of anxiety are already contributing to produce this result. It is impossible to reflect upon the new attitude of Governor Wise, of Virginia, without alarm. His well-known energy, his want of prudence, his popularity, and the popularity of his scheme for making Virginia the manufacturing centre of a Southern Confederacy, all impart great significance to his present hostility to submission, and to his antagonism with Governor Letcher. Again, the cotton receipts are falling off ominously. It is quite likely that this is due in part to accident and the usual causes. The receipts last year, with which those of the present time are compared, were unusually heavy; but still there is the fact; and coupled with the rumored determination of the planters to withhold their cotton in order to create trouble at the North, it must be admitted that it is disquieting. The action of the Southern banks, though strictly legitimate, has not been calculated to strengthen confidence. Business of a profitable character, growing out of the movements in cotton, has so pressed upon them that they have been declining long paper, or, in the words of the political journals, refusing all paper maturing after the election. This creates trouble at the South, and vague uneasiness at the North.

The theory of many persons is that these causes of distrust have been the sole source of the recent panic in Wall Street.

It is probable that there is some truth in both theories. The politicians could not have frightened people had there not been some cause for alarm; nor, on the other hand, would that alarm have been so quickly felt and so strongly expressed had it been left to find its own way to men's breasts.

The trade of this country is so largely dependent on the preservation of confidence, and each interest is so closely interwoven with every other, that the whole fabric is keenly sensitive to the least blow in any quarter. Those who doubt that it is in the power of a few Southern politicians to produce a crisis as destructive as that of 1857 display ignorance both of history and of the commerce of the country. Whether Southerners may choose to do so or not is another matter: that they have the power is beyond all question. The withholding of a few hundred thousand bales of cotton, and the cessation of purchases by Southern houses in Northern markets, would not, of themselves, be fatal to commerce, though they could not but cause mischief and loss. But the moral effect of these measures would probably create an alarm far greater than the late Wall Street panic, and possibly destructive of that confidence without which no mercantile business can be conducted for an hour. Nor is it safe to rely upon the self-interest of the South, or the conservative tendencies of its commercial classes; for history teaches that, in times of political excitement, the appeals of trade are invariably disregarded, and money interests driven to the wall. There probably never was a war that was not undertaken contrary to the wishes and in the teeth of the earnest protests of merchants: history contains no example of a popular excitement rising to boiling heat, and *then* listening to mercantile appeals for forbearance.

By the time these lines are read the election will be over, and we can not, therefore, be suspected of partisan purposes. We write in sober earnest, seeing the danger, and wishing that all good citizens, seeing it as we do, may act to the best of their ability to avert it while it is yet time.

## THE LOUNGER.

### PEEPING.

PEEPING into the next number of the *Cornhill* (it is not published in England yet), the Lounger sees a charming paper by the editor, "A Roundabout Journey." He ran away for a week from London. For a week he was in France and Holland. He saw famous cities and beautiful pictures, and had all the delightful feast of foreign travel for seven days. That is where the Britons have us on the hip. They can run across the channel in an hour or two hours. We must expect two weeks. By the time we are fairly sea-sick they are looking at the Madonnas and the rest, and hearing the sweet chimes of Antwerp and Bruges. It is a happy chance, for Europe seems about as far from London as from New York.

The paper of Thackery's from which the Lounger quotes copiously is in his raciest and most genial vein:

"We most of us tell old stories in our families. The wife and children laugh for the hundredth time at the joke. The old servants (though old servants are fewer every day) nod and smile a recognition at the well-known anecdote. 'Don't tell that story of Grouse in the gun-room,' says Diggory to Mr. Hardcastle in the play, 'or I must laugh.' As we twaddle, and grow old and forgetful, we may tell an old story; or, out of mere benevolence, and a wish to amuse a friend when conversation is flagging, disinter a Joe Miller now and then; but the practice is not quite honest, and entails a certain necessity of hypocrisy on story hearers and tellers. It is a sad thing, to think that a man with what you call a fund of anecdote is a humbug, more or less amiable and pleasant. What right have I to tell my 'Grouse and the gun-room' over and over in the presence of my wife, mother, mother-in-law, sons, daughters, old footman, or parlor-maid, confidential clerk, curate, or what not? I smirk and go through the history, giving my admirable imitations of the characters introduced: I mimic Jones's grin, Hobbs's squint, Brown's stammer, Grady's brogue, Sandy's Scotch accent, to the best of my power; and the family part of my audience laughs good-humoredly. Perhaps the stranger, for whose amusement the performance is given, is amused by it, and laughs too. But this practice continued is not moral. This self-indulgence on your part, my dear Paterfamilias, is weak, vain—not to say culpable. I can imagine many a worthy man, who begins unguardedly to read this page, and comes to the present sentence, lying back in his chair, thinking of that story which he has told innocently for fifty years, and rather piteously owning to himself, 'Well, well, it *is* wrong; I have no right to call on my poor wife to laugh, my daughters to affect to be amused, by that old, old jest of mine. And they would have gone on laughing, and they would have pretended to be amused, to their dying day, if this man had not flung his damper over our hilarity.' . . . I lay down the pen, and think, 'Are there any old stories which I still tell myself in the bosom of my family? Have I any "Grouse in my gun-room?"' If there are such, it is because my memory fails; not because I want applause, and wantonly repeat myself. You see, men with the so-called fund of anecdote will not repeat the same story to the same individual; but they do think that, on a new party, the repetition of a joke ever so old may be honorably tried. I meet men walking the London street, bearing the best reputation, men of anecdotical powers: I know such, who very likely will read this, and say, 'Hang the fellow, he means *me!*' And so I do. No—no man ought to tell an anecdote more than thrice, let us say, unless he is sure he is speaking only to give pleasure to his hearers—unless he feels that it is not a mere desire for praise which makes him open his jaws.

"And is it not with writers as with *raconteurs?* Ought they not to have their ingenuous modesty? May authors tell old stories, and how many times over? When I come to look at a place which I have visited any time these twenty or thirty years, I recall not the place merely, but the sensations I had at first seeing it, and which are quite different to my feelings to-day. That first day at Calais; the voices of the women crying out at night, as the vessel came alongside the pier; the supper at Quillacq's and the flavor of the cutlets and wine; the red-calico canopy under which I slept; the tiled floor, and the fresh smell of the sheets; the wonderful postillion in his jack-boots and pigtail—all return with perfect clearness to my mind, and I am seeing them, and not the objects which are actually under my eyes. Here is Calais. Yonder is that commissioner I have known this score of years. Here are the women screaming and bustling over the baggage; the people at the passport-barrier who take your papers. My good people, I hardly see you. You no more interest me than a dozen orange women in Covent Garden, or a shop book-keeper in Oxford Street. But you make me think of a time when you were indeed wonderful to behold—when the little French soldiers wore white cockades in their shakos—when the diligence was forty hours going to Paris; and the great-booted postillion, as surveyed by youthful eyes from the coupé, with his *jurons*, his ends of rope for the harness, and his clubbed pigtail, was a wonderful being, and productive of endless amusement. You young folks don't remember the apple-girls who used to follow the diligence up the hill beyond Boulogne, and the delights of the jolly road? In making continental journeys with young folks, an oldster may be very quiet, and, to outward appearance, melancholy; but really he has gone back to the days of his youth, and he is seventeen or eighteen years of age (as the case may be), and is amusing himself with all his might. He is noting the horses as they come squealing out of the post-house yard at midnight; he is enjoying the delicious meals at Beauvais and Amiens, and quaffing *ad libitum* the rich table-d'hôte wine; he is hail-fellow with the conductor, and alive to all the incidents of the road. A man can't be alive in 1860 and 1830 at the same time, don't you see? Bodily, I may be in 1860 inert, silent, torpid; but in the spirit I am walking about in 1828, let us say—in a blue dress coat and brass buttons, a sweet figured silk waistcoat (which I button round a slim waist with perfect ease), looking at beautiful beings with gigot sleeves and tea-tray hats under the golden chestnuts of the Tuileries, or round the Place Vendôme, where the *drapeau blanc* is floating from the statueless column. Shall we go and dine at Bombarda's, near the Hôtel Breteuil, or at the Café Virginie?—Away! Bombarda's and the Hôtel Breteuil have been pulled down ever so long. They knocked down the poor old Virginia Coffee-house last year. My spirit goes and dines there. My body, perhaps, is seated with ever so many people in a railway carriage, and no wonder my companions find me dull and silent. Have you read Mr. Dale Owen's 'Footsteps on the Confines of Another World?'—(My dear Sir, it will make your hair stand quite refreshingly on end.) In that work you will read that when gentlemen's or ladies' spirits travel off a few score or thousand miles to visit a friend, their bodies lie quiet and in a torpid state in their beds or in their arm-chairs at home. So, in this way, I am absent. My soul whisks away thirty years back into the past. I am looking out anxiously for a beard. I am getting past the age of loving Byron's poems, and pretend that I like Wordsworth and Shelley much better. Nothing I eat or drink (in reason) disagrees with me; and I know whom I think to be the most lovely creature in the world. Ah, dear maid (of that remote but well-remembered period), are you a wife or widow now?—are you dead?—are you thin and withered and old?—or are you grown much stouter, with a false front? and so forth.

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"CARILLON.—I was awakened this morning with the chime which Antwerp cathedral clock plays at half-hours. The tune has been haunting me ever since, as tunes will. You dress, eat, drink, walk, and talk to yourself to their tune: their inaudible jingle accompanies you all day: you read the sentences of the paper to their rhythm. I tried uncouthly to imitate the tune to the ladies of the family at breakfast, and they say it is "the shadow dance of *Dinorah*.' It may be so. I dimly remember that my body was once present during the performance of that opera, while my eyes were closed, and my intellectual faculties dormant at the back of the box; howbeit, I have learned that shadow dance from hearing it pealing up ever so high in the air, at night, morn, noon.

"How pleasant to lie awake and listen to the cheery peal! while the old city is asleep at midnight, or waking up rosy at sunrise, or basking in noon, or swept by the scudding rain which drives in gusts over the broad places, and the great shining river; or sparkling in snow which dresses up a hundred thousand masts, peaks, and towers; or wrapped round with thunder-cloud canopies, before which the white gables shine whiter; day and night the kind little carillon plays its fantastic melodies overhead. The bells go on ringing: *Quot vivos vocant, mortuos plangunt, fulgura frangunt;* so on to the past and future tenses, and for how many nights, days, and years! While the French were pitching their *fulgura* into Chassé's citadel, the bells went on ringing quite cheerfully. While the scaffolds were up and guarded by Alva's soldiery, and regiments of penitents, blue, black, and gray, poured out of churches and convents, droning their dirges, and marching to the place of the Hôtel de Ville, where heretics and rebels were to meet their doom, the bells up yonder were chanting at their appointed half-hours and quarters, and rang the *mauvais quart d'heure* for many a poor soul. This bell can see as far away as the towers and dikes of Rotterdam. That one can call a greeting to St. Ursula's at Brussels, and toss a recognition to that one at the town-hall of Oudenarde, and remember how, after a great struggle there a hundred and fifty years ago, the whole plain was covered with the flying French chivalry—Burgundy, and Berri, and the Chevalier of St. George flying like the rest. 'What is your clamor about Oudenarde?' says another bell (Bob Major *this* one must be). 'Be still, thou querulous old clapper! *I* can see over to Hougoumont and St. John. And about forty-five years since I rang all through one Sunday in June, when there was such a battle going on in the corn-fields there as none of you others ever heard tolled of. Yes, from morning service until after vespers, the French and English were all at it, ding-dong.' And then calls of business intervening, the bells have to give up their private jangle, resume their professional duty, and sing their hourly chorus out of *Dinorah*.

"What a prodigious distance those bells can be heard! I was awakened this morning to their tune, I say. I have been hearing it constantly ever since. And this house whence I write, Murray says, is two hundred and ten miles from Antwerp. And it is a week off; and there is the bell still jangling its shadow dance out of *Dinorah*. An audible shadow you understand, and an invisible sound, but quite distinct; and a plague take the tune!

"BEADLE.—But I submit, an obstacle to conversions is the intrusion and impertinence of that Swiss fellow with the baldric—the officer who answers to the beadle of the British Islands—and is pacing about the church with an eye on the congregation. Now the boast of Catholics is that their churches are open to all; but in certain places and churches there are exceptions. At Rome I have been into St. Peter's at all hours: the doors are always open, the lamps are always burning, the faithful are forever kneeling at one shrine or the other. But at Antwerp, not so. In the afternoon you can go to the church, and be civilly treated; but you must pay a franc at the side-gate. In the forenoon the doors are open, to be sure, and there is no one to levy an entrance fee. I was standing ever so still, looking through the great gates of the choir at the twinkling lights, and listening to the distant chants of the priests performing the service, when a sweet chorus from the organ-loft broke out behind me overhead, and I turned round. My friend the drum-major ecclesiastic was down upon me in a moment. 'Do not turn your back to the altar during divine service,' says he, in very intelligible English. I take the rebuke, and turn a soft right-about face, and listen a while as the service continues. See it I can not, nor the altar and its ministrants. We are separated from these by a great screen and closed gates of iron, through which the lamps glitter and the chant comes by gusts only. Seeing a score of children trotting down a side aisle, I think I may follow them. I am tired of looking at that hideous old pulpit with its grotesque monsters and decorations. I slip off to the side aisle; but my friend the drum-major is instantly after me—almost I thought he was going to lay hands on me. 'You mustn't go there,' says he; 'you mustn't disturb the service.' I was moving as quietly as might be, and ten paces off there were twenty children kicking and clattering at their ease. I point them out to the Swiss. 'They come to pray,' says he. '*You* don't come to pray, you—' 'When I come to pay,' says I, 'I am welcome;' and with this withering sarcasm I walk out of church in a huff. I don't envy the feelings of that beadle after receiving point-blank such a stroke of wit."

There is much more of the same mellow, pleasant talk about the romantic and dear old Dutch towns and treasures. As a magazinist Thackeray is inimitable.

### PICKWICKIAN ELOQUENCE.

THE most listless Lounger can not escape the electricity of the time. The people all around him, of every pursuit and of all interests, are so profoundly interested in the questions which are debated with such ardor both at home and abroad, that conversation flows in the same channels, and will for a week longer, when it will stop, and other topics of equal interest but of less excitement will engage the public mind. A stranger, as the *Herald* justly remarks, would think, as he watched the bubbling of the political caldron, that steam enough would be generated to blow up the whole kettle; but, as the paper truly adds, he would be amazed, as well as amused, to observe how suddenly the heated waters settle and cool.

In a great nation like ours there must be great interests. Various policies of Government will necessarily variously affect those interests. An election campaign, consequently, stirs up men's minds, and we are vehement this way, and vehement that, according as our convictions and interests persuade us. Now, happily for us, we all know that while there must be differences of opinion and political action, yet our Government is the great guarantee of peace and harmony. So far as human wisdom may say, this country can endure no evil which can not be more wisely and effectually corrected under the Government than outside of it. To suppose otherwise is to concede the failure of our experiment; and no thoughtful citizen, when the rhetorical ardors of the election are past, would soberly allow that.

The perpetuity of our Government is not dependent upon the whim of any person or party: it is founded ineradicably upon permanent principles of human nature. So long as the great mass of the people of this country every where are better off, in every respect, of property, of personal safety, of universal security, than they could be under any other conceivable system, so long this Government is founded upon a rock, and all the gates of the hell of anarchy can not prevail against it. But whenever it should appear otherwise than it is now; whenever the Government should be so radically vitiated that it will be palpably, and upon a careful consideration of all the circumstances and consequences, better for any considerable number of persons violently to change our system than to seek redress under it, then they will make the effort, and the country will act as the instinct of self-preservation prompts.

But such a contingency as this seems to be almost inconceivable. The spirit which has made us what we are will continue to make us all that we are to be. The acerbities of any particular election will gradually grow milder, and people

who have said very sharp things will be justly excused upon the plea of peculiar excitement. It is very comfortable to reflect that a great deal of our electioneering eloquence is purely Pickwickian.

### THE OTHER SIDE.

THAT is to say, Italy and the war there. Garibaldi is as great as he is brave. History does not often, in these latter European days, bring two men together upon the stage so adequate to noble actions as Garibaldi and Cavour. They differ, but honestly differing, they differ with mutual respect. Cavour, in the most generous, but dignified, manner, put himself and Garibaldi in judgment before the Italian people. The verdict effectively was—"You are both right." That is to say, they have an equal love of country, an equal willingness to serve her, and each is willing to submit his especial method to the decision of the country.

Cavour, like a true statesman, constantly consults the shifting barometer of circumstances. What seems unwise and impracticable to-day, to-morrow may show to be possible and easy. He wishes no cession of Italian territory. It can not be asked, he says, of a nation of twenty-five millions of people. Then he wishes Rome to be the metropolis of Italy: but how it may be so made can not be at once categorically determined. Still further, Venetia must join Italy, as she longs to do. Yet Europe does not wish that Italy should make war upon Austria to free Venice; because Europe fears that Italy can not do the work alone. The union of Italy will show Europe that she is wrong, says Cavour; and when a united Italy marches to open the gates of Venice, white-coated Austria will retire; Europe will approve; and Italy, from the Alps all around to the sea, will be one, great, indivisible.

It is a splendid programme, but who doubts that it will be fulfilled? And yet forty years ago the poet Shelley thought as we think. We can see why he was wrong, and why our hopes have a surer foundation—or we think we can. Here is what he wrote of Naples in 1820; would you not think it had been inspired by Garibaldi's deliverance of the city?

"Naples! thou heart of men, which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian city! which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea; they round thee, even
As sleep round love, are driven!
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright altar of the bloodless sacrifice
Which armed Victory offers up unstained
To Love, the flower-enchained!
Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shall be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail.
Hail, hail, all hail!"

### WORDS IN DISGRACE.

LADY FRANKLIN'S devotion to the memory of her husband, and her unwearied efforts to solve the mystery of his death, have made her known to the world, and associated her name with all those which illustrate the patient fidelity of women. It is mainly to her resolution that the mystery was cleared. The M'Clintock Expedition sailed especially under her auspices, and hers is the honorable renown not only of answering a question of which her Government despaired, but of sealing the fame of her husband by the discovery that he was in the way to have solved the great Arctic problem when jealous Death interfered.

She lately arrived in this country, with which the heroism of Dr. Kane and the liberality of Henry Grinnell had created for her peculiar and most interesting relations. She has been traveling among us, and is every where received with that quiet respect which

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,"

can not help feeling for the wife of Sir John Franklin.

The other day, in compliance with a very enthusiastic invitation, she went to the Woman's Library, recently opened in this city. She met a crowd of ladies there. They had some pleasant talk; and after remaining for two hours, she left. The reporter adds: "After examining the books and pictures, she requested to be permitted to *donate* some books to the library." We have great respect for reporters—but we hope she requested to do no such thing. That Lady Franklin should wish to *give* books to the library is very probable and natural; but how does she, or any body else, *donate* books?

What is the matter with that good old word *give*, that reporters and orators and writers of public letters are trying to suppress it? It is a sweet, sound word, and ought to be loved and respected. Another word is outlawed in the same manner and by the same persons. What has the word "begin" done that it should be incontinently thrust out? Take up any morning paper, and if any body made a speech last evening, you will probably read that about eight o'clock he "commenced to speak." The procession "commenced to pass" a certain point, etc. Why didn't he "begin" to speak? Why didn't the procession "begin" to pass? Is it supposed to be more elegant to use "commence" for "begin," and "donate" for "give?" Does any body seriously think "donation" a nobler word than "gift?" Let us hope that if the amiable Lady Franklin does present books to the library, she will write in them "A Gift from Jane Franklin;" not "A Donation from Lady Franklin."

### MORE TALK.

As the political orators close their mouths, the Lyceum lecturers open theirs. The lecture season, in fact, began before the campaign was fairly over. The papers have published their usual lists; the committees and the speakers have been struggling at arms' length through the post to arrange their evenings; the committees' lists are closed; the lecturers' books are full; nothing remains for them now but to stand and deliver.

There is a preliminary which does not concern the lecturers which is yet to be completed. That is, the usual announcement that the Lecture system has run out: that people will no longer tolerate second-hand slip-slop dipped out of Cyclopedias and Reviews: that the fancy men of the Lyceum have used themselves up—and the Lyceum itself is now discovered to be a humbug. These agreeable facts are annually brought forward, but the Lyceum perversely refuses to stop; the committees continue to invite and liberally pay the lecturers; and the lecturers themselves do still speak and empouch the fee.

It is amusing to observe how a habit of skepticism leads not only to universal doubt but to an incessant surprise. If any body secretly sneers, for instance, at the idea of any action from a purely disinterested and humane motive, he is constantly at fault in the results of his calculations, because so many people do constantly act not from selfishness but from the very opposite motive. And as with individuals, so of their aggregate called society. As a rule, the appeal of nobility and generosity does not fall dead upon any chance crowd. Sometimes it will, but then the case is exceptional. If a man supposes, for instance, that he can as deeply move others by an appeal to their pocket as to their pride, he is profoundly mistaken. If you want to protect the pocket, or if you want to open it, approach it by the way of a feeling, or of a principle.

So if any body supposes that the Lyceum is a mere whim of people who want somewhere to pass the evening, he will find that the facts are inconsistent with the doctrine of whimsicality. A whim is transient in its nature. The reason why the Lyceum remains so permanently is not that people must always have somewhere to pass the evening, but that they are interested in what they hear there. Rhetoric is pleasant and humor is good; but the rhetoric of any particular person is always mannered, and presently tires, and humor alone will not sustain a lecture. It is then because the lectures are more than rhetorical and humorous that the speakers are summoned from year to year.

The truth is, that in this country a great many questions are more directly and honestly treated in the Lyceum than any where else. A great many subjects that we all think about, and few care to talk about lest they should seem odd, are touched by the lecturer upon his own responsibility, and he appeals directly to the audience. The committee may sometimes be alarmed, but it is all right with the speaker and the hearers. They are often the owners of their own souls, and prefer to hear before they strike. And so long as the Lyceum is maintained by that interest on one side and that honesty upon both—a state of things incredible to many—just so long will the Lyceum lecture be among the powers as well as pleasures of the land.

### HANSOM.

THE Lounger has already wondered why we did not have some kind of Hansom cab in New York. We have omnibuses every where: but so they have in London, and they do not find the cabs superfluous. We can't have omnibuses in the Central Park, and for a turn in the country across the ferries; nor, above all, to and from the railroads and steamers, for twenty-five cents. To introduce cabs is a work for Young America, and young America has taken it in hand.

For it is credibly reported that Mr. George Francis Train, a vehement gentleman, who has been heard of in England occasionally as blowing a very loud horn for his native land, is about returning to America, not exactly in a Hansom cab but with a Hansom cab in his head. People who think that he had an express locomotive under full steam in it when he went away, may suppose that England has moderated his gait a little. But properly considered the cab is a proof of the continued steam. For it is in strict pursuance of his characteristic plan of "putting through by daylight" that he intends to run Hansom cabs in the city under charter.

The great difficulty with the London cabs is their weight. The genius of light carriages has not yet smiled upon England. With the best roads in the world, if the Englishmen had our light wagons how they would spin! (of course not faster than *we* do. In fact, not so fast. But still they would be conscious of a new sensation). There is no reason why Mr. Train should not have his cabs light. Doubtless he will have them so. Doubtless a man who is supposed to represent the peculiar spirit of his country, knows that that country spurns the heavy carriage, and will give us cabs, elastic, convenient, cheap, and Hansom.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### THE ALLOCUTION.

"The following is a summary of the Allocution delivered by the Pope in the Consistory held on the 28th."

KING VICTOR'S a wretch and a horrible thief,
Blasphemer, church-robber, and stabber,
And I'm happy to think he'll one day come to grief
For being so greedy a grabber.
As touching the soldiers who died in my cause,
No fate could be better or sweeter;
I certify all have escaped from the jaws
Of Old N. and gone up to St. Peter.

Regarding the Kings that don't lend me a hand
To work out the Papacy's mission,
I beg that those monarchs will please understand
They're all on the road to perdition.
I especially hint to the Gallican Sphinx
That his acts are all futile and null, for
While he's making a capital book, as he thinks,
I've booked him for sojourn in sulphur.

So up to the aid of your father the Pope,
Who gives you these elegant wiggings,
Don't force him, as Yankees would call it, to slope,
And make tracks for unsanctified diggings.
Save the Chair of St. Peter from being defiled
By yon "Parricidal Pollution:"
Draw the Sword in my favor, and don't draw it mild—
And this is your Pope's Allocution.

### ÆSOP'S SELECT FABLES.

#### THE SEA-NYMPH AND THE OCEAN SWELL.

One morning, when there was a heavy Swell upon the sands, a gentle Nymph walked forth; her blue eyes beaming with joy, her flowing tresses crystallized with dew. The Swell, struck by her beauty, and solicitous to win her admiration, paused, and proudly shook his own long wavy curls. "Canst thou not spare, sweet Nymph," he said, "from that treasury of beauty one captive-making lock?"—"Where wouldst thou have a lock?" quoth she, "not on thy understanding, that's confined enough already."—"Oh, cruel," cried the crest-fallen Swell, "thou knowest I am thy slave!"—"I know thou art a surf," she answered, "and a most wicked flatterer, for while thou art kissing the pale sands thou art running of them down."—"One lock of thine," returned the Swell, "would rivet my devotion, and banish all inconstancy." The arch Nymph shook her laughing face, and said, "Oh, restless Swell! how canst thou dream one lock of mine would make thee constant, when thou art moved by every sportive air?"

*Moral.* Put no trust in those who wildly fling themselves at beauty's feet, for what can be expected from such insane worshipers but bubbles and foam?

#### THE SLOW COACH AND THE LITTLE DUCK.

A Slow Coach had often observed in passing a little Duck, who with her mother and sisters lived on a village green. "Some fine day," said the slow Coach, stopping and regarding the little Duck, with a dreary smile, "when I can get a license, you shall go to market with me."—"Thank you," returned the little Duck, proudly lifting up her bill; "but if I wait till you find it convenient to get a license, perhaps I may wait till pease are out of season. I never encourage slow Coaches: when I wish to go to market I shall travel express."

*Moral.* We here see the error of procrastination. Dawdlers are always snubbed. The little Duck, though somewhat pert in her tone, was quite right in her principle. A Coach that makes lumbering excuses for not being able to carry one, should be put down as an obstruction and a pest.

#### THE YOUNG MONKEY AND THE UGLY MUG.

A Young Monkey, in the uniform of a Middy, sat at the mess-table (H.M.S. *Dandelion*) gazing admiringly at an ugly mug belonging to the First Lieutenant. "What are you thinking of, Mr. Sly?" demanded the ugly Mug.—"Of my Sister, Sir," replied the young Monkey, with becoming humility.—"Your Sister!" returned the ugly Mug, grimly, "is she pretty?"—"She is considered so, Sir," replied the young Monkey; "I had a letter from her this morning."—"Indeed, and what does she say?" inquired the Mug, pushing a bottle of Cape Madeira toward the young Monkey.—"She says, Sir," rejoined the latter, "that she would be exceedingly pleased if I would send her your portrait to put in a brooch."—"Ha!" cried the ugly Mug, radiant with vanity, "Fill your glass, Mr. Sly; and I think you wanted leave of absence? You shall have it, Mr. Sly; fill your glass, Sir; your health, Mr. Sly."

*Moral.* A young Monkey who goes to sea should always have a pretty sister: he may thereby obtain many little indulgences as sweet to a young Monkey as cocoa-nuts, if he happens to meet with the ugly mug of a First Lieutenant.

THE TRUEST TEETOTALERS. — The Spirit-Rappers, for not one of them knows any thing about any Spirit whatever.

### LAMORICIERE'S VOW, OR HE WOULD BE AN ALVA.

He would be an Alva, vowed and sware
The red-hot Lamoricière;
Through him, the papacy restored
Should be, with wasting fire and sword.

The towns which spurned the Pontiff's sway
Should be his mercenaries' prey:
He'd turn his ruffians loose, to kill,
Burn, spoil, and work their bestial will.

But ere he went on this crusade
The Frenchman sought celestial aid;
Thus, kneeling at Loretto's shrine,
Invoked the female form divine:

"O spotless Queen! Celestial Rose!
Lend me thine aid to crush my foes;
Remembering that those foes are mine,
Because they are the Pope's and thine.

"Adorable and most adored,
Behold this ornamental Sword;
Thine, if I conquer, it shall be:
Here will I hang it up to thee!"

Unheard was the Crusader's prayer,
Wholly by winds dispersed in air;
Because, there's too much ground to fear,
Though dolls have ears, they can not hear.

Our Hero's doom was dire defeat,
As expeditious as complete;
His army driven from the field,
And he himself obliged to yield.

Fulfill, though thou hast lost the game,
Thy vow, Crusader, all the same;
Thy deity of wax, stone, wood,
Thy prayer had granted, if it could.

The will is equal to the deed,
And merits no inferior meed;
So let thy sword, in spite of scorn,
The angel-shifted house adorn.

For, now that weapon's work is o'er,
Thou shouldst resign it evermore:
Drawn against Freedom—drawn in vain—
Oh! never wear that Sword again.

AUSTRIA'S BEST WAY.—If Austria would do the honestest and wisest thing that she possibly can, she would sell the Venetian territory to its rightful owners, and pay over the proceeds into the Court of Bankruptcy.

WONDERFUL.—A teacher of penmanship in twelve lessons taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they can not be covered with a table-cloth.

"A retainer at the bar," as the boy said, when caught by a dog, just as he was about to climb on the orchard-fence.

A Wisconsin paper, after describing a farm which the advertiser wants to sell, adds: "The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also two wagons to sell, and a yoke of steers."

A blind man, having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed, in some surprise,

"Why, what is the use of that light to you? You know every street and turning; it does you no good. You can't see a bit the better."

"No," replied the blind man; "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

An editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says: "We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and *several other dogs.*"

A Frenchman having heard the phrase, "I've got other fish to fry," very readily learned its application. One evening, after escorting a lady home, and being invited to walk in, he thought of the above expression, and excused himself by saying, "I thank you, Madame; I must cook some fish."

A man may generally expect a domestic "breeze" when his wife begins to put on "airs."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I ever have seen."

"Oh, yah," replied Hans, "I know de reason for dat—mine moder was a voomans."

The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer: "This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas: I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can. N.B.—If any body kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have any thing. Signed by me, JOHN THOMAS."

Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by "pillage."

A man being asked what meaning he attached to the term "aristocrat," replied, "Any man that has more than me is, in my estimation, an aristocrat."

A man took off his coat to show a terrible wound he had received a few years before. Not being able to find the wound, he suddenly remembered that it was his "brother Bill's arm."

He who erects a perpendicular line upon a horizontal one, makes a right angle: he who fishes for trout with a naked line, makes a wrong angle.

An old Dutchman who some years ago was elected a member of the Legislature, said, in his broken English style, "Ven I vent to the Lechislatur I tought I vould find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere was some as pick fools dere as I was."

Some things come by odd names. The most uncommon quality in man is called "common sense;" a paper half a mile long is a "brief;" and a melancholy ditty, devoid of sense or meaning, is a "glee."

A man who assisted to empty several bottles of wine, afterward took a walk. The pavements were quite icy, and he exclaimed—"Very sing'lar; wh-whenever water freezes, it always freezes with the slippery side up."

"How," said Mr. A. to a friend who wished to convey a matter of importance to a lady without communicating directly with her, "how can you be certain of her reading the letter seeing you have directed it to her husband?"

"That I have managed without the possibility of a failure," was the answer; "she will open it to a certainty, for I have put the word 'private' in the corner."

EXPORTED AND TRANSPORTED.—A gentleman recently married, was enjoying, with his fair one, an evening walk along the beach of Musselburgh. "Pray, my dear," said the lady, "what is the difference between exported and transported?" At that moment a vessel left the harbor bound for a foreign port. "Were you, my love," returned the gentleman, "aboard that vessel, you would be exported, and I would be transported."

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?"

"Alas, Sir, my profession is better than my practice."

A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality while he was in Ireland, replied, "That he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there."

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him."

"Shure an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

A distinguished friend of ours says that "poetry is every body's coin which one man *jingles*;" but we are afraid that it is generally a coin jingled most by those who have no other to jingle.

A correspondent has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Some of them are never seen after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

## THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND HIS CAPITAL.

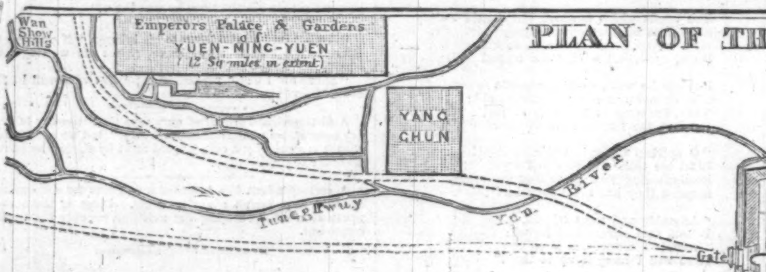
As we may expect to hear by any mail of the march of the allied French and English upon the Chinese capital, we place on record, on the following page, a Portrait of the Emperor Hien-Fou, and a Plan of Peking.

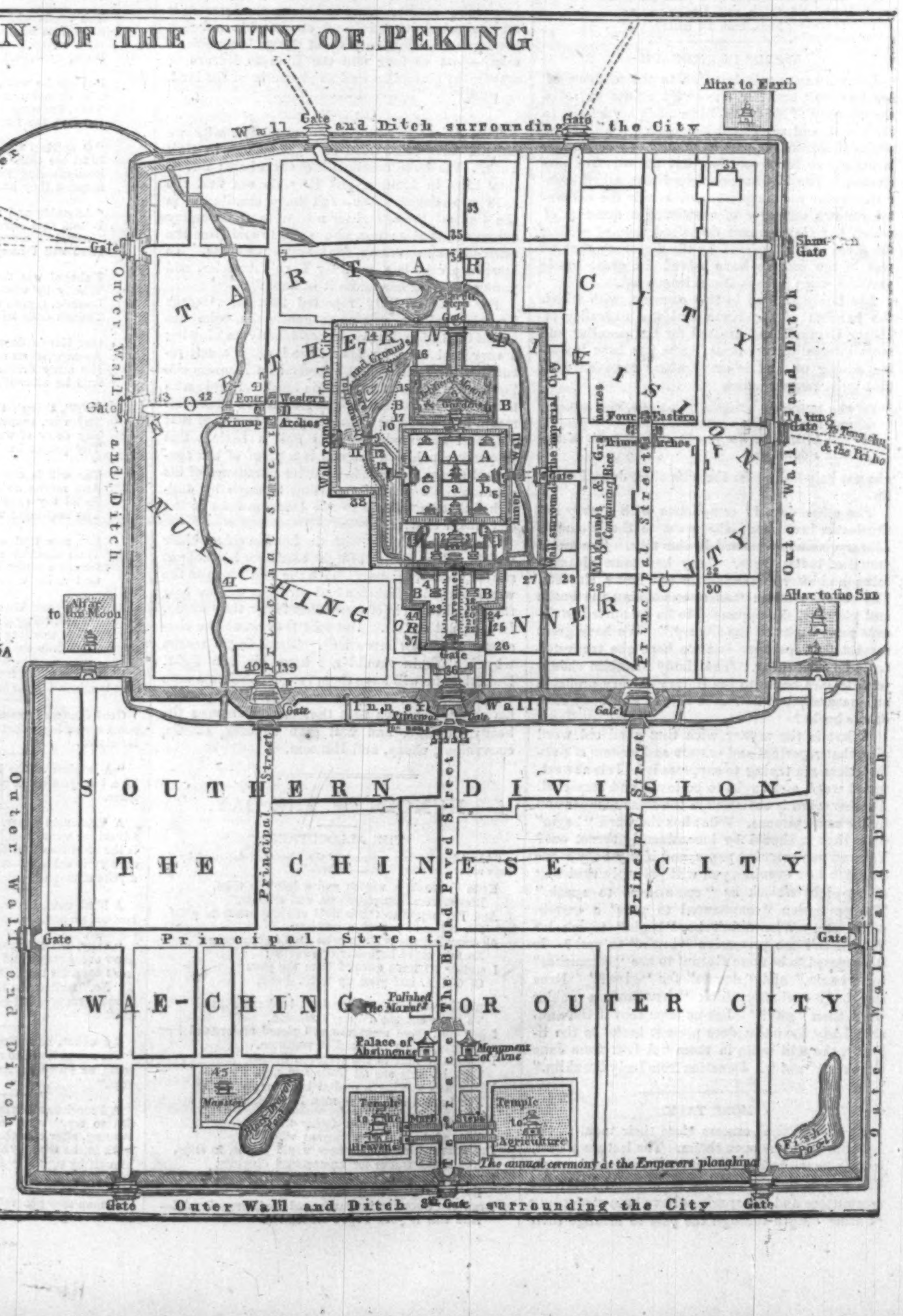
We published in No. 94 of this Journal, bearing date October 16, 1858, two fine views of Peking, with a historical sketch of the city; in No. 154, dated December 10, 1859, an illustrated letter from our special correspondent who accompanied Mr. Ward on his journey to Peking the summer of that year; and in No. 196, bearing date Sept. 29, 1860, a Large Map of the Province of Pechili, showing the MOUTHS OF THE PEIHO, and THE SEAT OF WAR IN CHINA. Referring to these publications we will only add here that, in consequence of the political disturbances which have been raging in China for the past few years, the supply of food on which Peking relies for the sustenance of its people has been greatly reduced, and the population has fallen off in consequence. It was once a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants: how many it contains now, no one can tell. It is not a handsome city—the houses being only one story high—in consequence of the prevalence of earthquakes. It is divided into two distinct portions, the Chinese town and the Tartar town: the one being the abode of the rich, the soldiery, and men of leisure; the other, the home of the working-classes and the poor. It is surrounded by a high wall, and provided with strong fortifications; the Europeans will probably have some fighting to do ere they take the place.

The Emperor of China—Hien-Fou—is a man of only twenty-nine years of age, having been born in 1831. He came to the throne ten years ago: his predecessor, contrary to custom, chose him out, and formally introduced him to the Mandarins as their future Emperor some time before his death. He is said to be a man of remarkable energy of character and resolution of purpose. He has never wavered in his hostility to the English; and if report speak truly, he is determined to wage the present war to the bitter end. His domestic policy has been rigorous; he has never failed to punish cowardly, or to reward brave and skillful officers. He has so little regard for Chinese prejudices that he will not allow any lady with deformed feet to approach the court; and his wife, a fine handsome woman, he treats in every way as an equal. It is sad for him that his reign should occur at a period when, seemingly, the recuperation of the Chinese Empire is beyond hope.

WESTERN GATE, PEKING. HIEN-FOU, THE EMPEROR OF CHINA. THE BRIDGE OF NANKING.

# PLAN OF THE CITY OF PEKING




REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS, PLACES, ETC.,

## IN THE CITY OF PEKING.]

**A A A, The Forbidden City,** in three divisions, about two miles in circumference.

*a.* The CENTRE DIVISION, containing the Emperor's palaces and residences of the imperial household.

*b.* The EASTERN DIVISION, containing the palaces of the princes, council-chamber, imperial treasury, imperial library, hall of intense mental exercise, temple to the Emperor's ancestors whose names are carved on tablets kept there.

*c.* The WESTERN DIVISION, containing hall of portraits of the royal family and of eminent men, the Emperor's printing and binding establishment, court of Commissioners of Sessions, Receipts, etc., etc., a temple to the guardian deity of the city.

**B B, B B, The Imperial City,** about six miles in circumference, containing,

No. 1. Gate of heavenly Rest;
2. Gate of great Purity;
3. Great temple to the ancestors of the reigning family;
4. Altar to the gods of land and grain;
5. Military stores for cavalry and infantry;
6. The illuminated (an artificial) mountain, 150 feet high, the base of fossil coal for supplying the garrison with combustibles in case of siege: it is surrounded by a deer park and gardens, etc.;
7. The western park;
8. An artificial lake one and a half miles in length;
9. A white marble bridge of nine arches, ten feet in width;
10. The superb summer-house, a favorite resort of the Emperor;
11. Edifice and grounds for the exhibition of military skill, reviews, etc.;
12. The botanical and fruit gardens;
13. A royal pavilion;
14. Temple dedicated to the silk-worm;
15. Temple of great happiness;
16. The five dragon pavilions;
17. The movable type printing-office;
18. The tribunal of civil office;
19. The tribunal of revenue;
20. The tribunal of rites and ceremonies;
21. Tribunal of war;
22. Tribunal of public works;
23. Tribunal of punishments;
24. The astronomical board;
25. College of physicians;
26. Russian mission founded 1728;
27. Grand national college;
28. Office of foreign affairs;
29. Temple to the Emperor's ancestors;
30. Imperial observatory;
31. Russian church;
32. Literary institution;
33. Temple to the polar star;
34. Police office;
35. The Drum and Bell tower;
36. Principal gate between imperial and northern and southern divisions of the city;
37. The censorate;
38. Mohammedan mosque;
39. Temple of heaven's Lord;
40. The elephant's inclosure;
41. Temple to a deity, the protector of the reigning family;
42. [illegible] of successive g[illegible]rations of Emperors;
43. The wh[illegible] pagoda temple;
44. The [illegible]ces of the foreign deputies;
45. Mansion frequented by the literati and officers of the court, delightfully situated.

PAGODA

The NORTHERN DIVISION, area about 12 miles, the civil and military quarter, and subject to the rigor of military discipline, contains the magazines and stores of ammunition, weapons, etc., etc.; and the palaces, pavilions, temples, and other public edifices, the residences of nobility, etc.

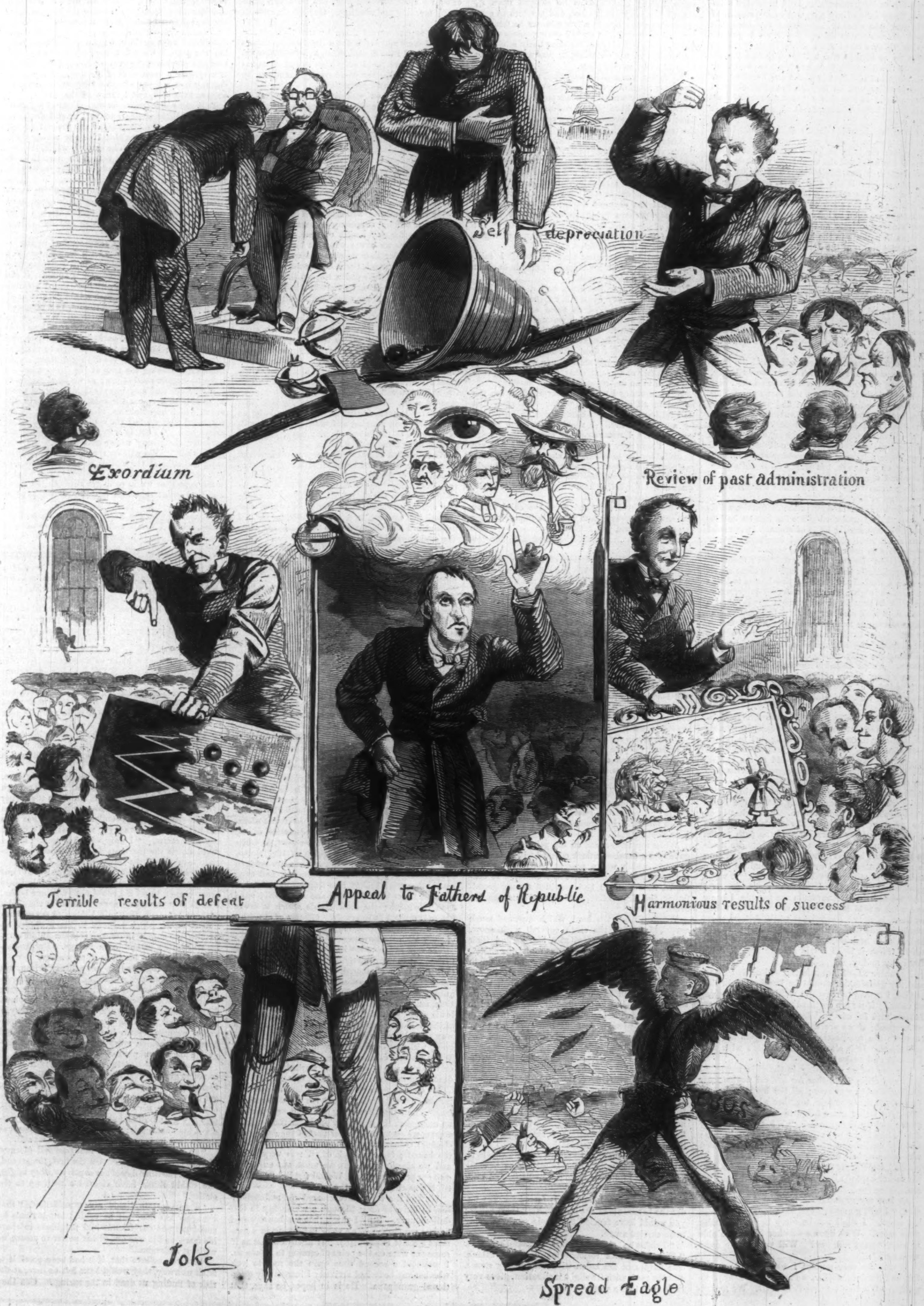
The SOUTHERN DIVISION, area about 15 miles. The grand emporium of the merchandise and shops for the sale of all commodities brought to the city contains numerous places of amusement and public gardens, the resort of all classes:

The entire circumference of Peking is estimated at nearly 25 square miles, and its area at about 27 square miles.

Scale of English Miles

0 ½ 1 2 3

# THE LAST STUMP SPEECH.



# UNDER THE SNOW.

## IN TWO PORTIONS.

### PORTION THE FIRST.

ALTHOUGH Switzerland is famous, all the world over, for its lofty mountains, still, in foreign countries, many lads of my age, and in my station of life, may not exactly know that the Jura is a chain of mountains formed by several parallel chains which extend from Basle, in Switzerland, quite up to France and a little way into it, running in the direction from northeast to southwest. The length of the Jura is about one hundred and seventy miles, and its breadth from thirty-five to forty miles. It contains a great number of deep valleys, and several mountains whose summits are very lofty.

I mention these dry details at the outset in order that you may better understand what happened to me; for it is, in great measure, the difference of the height of the mountains which renders them more or less habitable. The higher they are, the sharper is the cold there, the shorter is the summer, the scantier is the vegetation, and the earlier does the snow cover it. Some of these mountains are even so lofty that the snow on their tops is never entirely and completely melted, but remains in patches in the hollows. Nevertheless, all the mountains of the Jura lose their upper garment of snow every year; some sort of herbage springs on the highest summits; at many points they are clothed with magnificent woods of beech, oak, and especially firs; while other parts afford excellent pasture-ground, on which very fine cattle are reared, and particularly oxen, cows, and goats. Notwithstanding which, these beautiful mountains are scarcely habitable more than five months in the year, from May or June until the beginning of October.

As soon as the snows are melted and the summits are clothed again with green, our villages, which are all built in the valleys or on the lower slopes, send their herds up the mountain. This departure is quite a holiday; and yet we herdsmen have to spend the whole summer away from our families, leading a hard-working life with many privations. We live almost entirely on a milk-and-cheese diet, which we call by a general name, *laitage*, having often nothing else to drink, by way of a change, but water from the spring. We spend our time in grazing our herds, and in making those large and handsome cheeses which are known as Gruyère.

Every herdsman has, up in the mountain, a châlet, which is a wretched place for human habitation, although mostly built of stone. It is roofed with small deal planks called *bardeaux;* heavy stones, laid in rows upon them, press them down, and prevent the storms from stripping them off. The interior of a châlet is divided into three apartments; a well-closed stable or cow-house, to lodge the cattle at night; a narrow and cool dairy, where the milk is kept in broad wooden bowls; and a kitchen, which also serves as a bedroom, where the herdsman not unfrequently sleeps on a bed of straw. The kitchen is furnished with a vast chimney, in which hangs an enormous caldron for warming the milk and helping to convert it into cheese. As the châlet is our residence the whole summer long, we are obliged to store it with many little articles of necessity, to save having to go down to the valley to fetch them when wanted unexpectedly.

Our season hardly finishes before St. Denis's-day, the 9th of October. We then quit the mountain, again making a holiday, delighted to return to our families. But we do not lead an idle life in the village, any more than we did at the châlet. We are accustomed to depend upon ourselves, and are obliged to turn our hands to every thing. We make household utensils, tools, and furniture; we carve wood into fancy articles, which are afterward dispersed all over Europe. But, what is of the greatest importance, the winter allows us spare time for our education. If the path to the school is not always open, the children are made to learn their lessons at home. The art of writing is not forgotten; and by reading aloud we amuse and instruct others as well as ourselves. It was a good thing for me that I was so brought up. If I had not had these resources in my trouble, I know not what would have become of me. One thing, at least, is clear: the journal which follows could not have existed. Although only a Swiss country lad, I have been able to write some sort of a history. Here it is, as I was able to note it down from day to day.

*November* 22.—Since it is the will of God that I and my grandfather should be imprisoned in this châlet, I intend to record in writing what happened to us. If we are destined to perish here, our relations and friends will learn how our last days were spent; if we are delivered, this journal will preserve the recollection of our dangers and our sufferings. It is also my grandfather's wish that I should undertake it.

The day before yesterday, in the village, we had been expecting my father for several weeks past. St. Denis's-day was over; all the herds had come down from the mountain, together with their keepers. My father alone failed to make his appearance; and we began to ask, "What can possibly detain him?" I lost my mother three years ago; but my uncles and aunts assured me that I need not make myself uneasy; that probably there remained some grass to be eaten, and that was why my father kept the herd a little later up the mountain.

At last my grandfather became alarmed. He said, "I will go myself and see why François does not come. I shall not be sorry to see the châlet once more. Who knows whether I shall be able to visit it next summer? Will you like to come with me?"

It was the very request I was going to make; for, as I have no mother, we are almost always together. We were soon ready to start. We mounted slowly, sometimes following narrow gorges, sometimes skirting the brink of deep precipices. About a quarter of a league before we came to the châlet, I was attracted by curiosity to the edge of a very steep rock. My grandfather, who had told me more than once that he did not like my doing so, hastened forward to pull me back; but a large stone, rolling backward as he stepped upon it, caused him to sprain his foot, and put him to considerable pain. But in a few minutes he felt better, and we hoped that no bad consequences would ensue. With the help of his stout holly stick, and by leaning on my shoulder, he was able to drag himself as far as this place.

My father was greatly surprised to see us. He was busy preparing for his departure; so that if we had quietly waited at home one day longer his arrival would have put an end to our uneasiness. That very same evening Pierre was to set off with the remainder of the cheeses.

After a short repose, my grandfather asked me, "Are you very tired, Louis?" The manner in which he made the inquiry seemed to betray some secret intention, and I did not give a very decided answer. "I was thinking," he added, "that it might be prudent to send on the boy with Pierre. The wind has changed during the last half-hour, and may perhaps bring us bad weather in the course of the night."

My father expressed the same fear, and urged me to follow that counsel.

"I had much rather wait for you," I said. "Grandfather, with his lame foot, stands in great need of a good night's rest."

There hung over the fire a boiler, which I regarded with greedy eyes. My father understood the signal, and served us some soup made of maize-flour and milk, which we ate, like soldiers, all out of one bowl. It was agreed that we should all go down together next day, which was yesterday. After which I went to bed and fell asleep, without paying much attention to what was said by my father and grandfather, who had a long conversation in an undertone after their supper.

Next morning I was quite surprised to see the mountain all covered with white. The snow was still falling with unusual heaviness, being driven by a violent wind. I should have been highly amused, had I not remarked my relations' anxiety. I was very uneasy myself when I saw my grandfather try to take a few steps, and drag himself along with great difficulty, supporting himself by the furniture and against the wall. The accident of the day before had caused his foot to swell, and made it very painful.

"Go," he said. "Lead away the child before the snow is deeper. You see it is impossible for me to accompany you."

"But do you suppose, father, I can abandon you in that way?"

We spent a good portion of the day without coming to a decision. We had still hopes that assistance would be sent to us from the village. I said that I was big enough to do without a guide, and to help my father to drive the herd. My representations were of no use; my grandfather persisted in his resolution. He would not expose us to danger by becoming a burden on us.

My father insisted, almost angrily. I wept while I witnessed the painful altercation. At last I contrived to put an end to it by saying, "Leave me also in the châlet; you will reach home all the sooner. You will come back with sufficient help to fetch us. Grandfather will have somebody to wait upon him and keep him company. We shall take care of one another, and Providence will take care of us both."

"The boy is right," my grandfather said. "The snow is already so deep, and the storm so violent, that I apprehend more danger from his following you than from his staying with me. Here, François, take my stick, it is a strong one and pointed with iron. It will help you down the mountain as it helped me up. Let the cows out of the stable; leave us the goat and all the provisions which remain. I am more anxious about you than I am about myself."

When my father was on the point of starting I gave him a handsome flask covered with fine wicker-work, which was a present from my mother, the first time I came up to the châlet. It contained wine which I had provided for my grandfather the day before. He pressed me in his arms.

We drove out the herd, which appeared much surprised to find the earth covered with snow. Some of the cows seemed at a loss to find their way, and kept running in circles round the châlet. At last they congregated in a body and set off in the right direction. At a very few paces' distance, both my father and the herd disappeared, being lost to sight in the whirls of snow. When we saw them no longer, my grandfather appeared to follow them with his eyes. He leaned in silence against the window, but his lips appeared to be articulating words; his hands were clasped and his eyes raised to heaven.

We were roused from serious thoughts by the increasing violence of the wind. We were wrapped round by a curtain of thick black clouds, and nightfall came almost suddenly. Nevertheless, our wooden clock had only just struck three. We had been so anxious all day long that we had never thought of taking food, and I was dying of hunger. At that moment I made grandfather listen how the goat was bleating.

"Poor Blanchette!" he said. "She wants to be relieved of her milk. She is calling us to come and do it. Light the lamp; we will go and milk her, and then we will sup."

The wind roared loudly; it forced its way under the bardeaux of the roof, making them rattle; you would have fancied the whole roof was going to be carried away.

"Don't be alarmed," my grandfather said. "This house has resisted many a like attack. The bardeaux are laden with very heavy stones, and the roof, with its slight inclination, gives very little hold to the wind."

When the goat saw us she redoubled her bleatings; she seemed as if she would break her rope to get at us. How greedily she licked the few grains of salt which I offered in my hand! She gave us a large pot of milk. I stood in need of it. My grandfather said, as we returned to the kitchen, "We must take good care not to forget Blanchette; we must feed her well, and milk her punctually morning and evening. Our life depends on hers."

After supper we sat down by the fire; but the flakes of snow which fell down the chimney almost extinguished it. A cold draught of air also descended, and we could only keep ourselves warm by going to bed, after commending ourselves, by prayer, to the Lord's protection.

This morning, on waking, I found myself in complete darkness, and at first supposed that sleep had left me earlier than usual; but hearing my grandfather groping his way about the room, I rubbed my eyes, and saw none the clearer for that. The snow had blocked up the window.

"The window is low," the old man remarked. "Besides, it is probable that the snow has been drifted into a heap on that particular spot; perhaps we should not find it more than a couple of feet deep a few paces from the wall."

"In that case they will come and help us out?"

"I hope so; but supposing that we are to be detained here for any length of time, we must see what resources we have; when we have done that we will consider how we can best employ them. The day has dawned, there can be no doubt; for the hour-hand of the wooden clock points to seven. It is fortunate I did not forget to wind it up last night. We must always be punctual with Blanchette."

*November* 23.—Yesterday morning, when we discovered that we were more close prisoners than we were the day before, we were very much depressed and saddened; nevertheless, we did not forget our breakfast and the goat. While grandfather was milking her, I watched him closely with great attention. He noticed it, and advised me to try and learn to milk, in order to replace him in case of need. I made an attempt, which was clumsy and unsuccessful at first, especially as Blanchette kept wincing and shifting her ground, as if aware of my inexperience; but I improved greatly after three or four trials.

When we had taken stock of our provisions and utensils, we wished to know what sort of weather it was out of doors. I went under the chimney and looked up through the only outlet which remained open in the châlet. In a few minutes the sun suddenly shone upon the snow which rose around the opening to a considerable height. I pointed out the circumstance to my grandfather. We could exactly distinguish the thickness of the layer of snow, because the chimney does not rise outside above the roof. In fact, there is simply a hole in the roof, the outside chimney having been blown down in a storm.

"If we had a ladder," my grandfather said, "you might get up and disengage a trap which your father lately fixed on the top of the chimney, to keep out cold and wet, until the outer chimney is repaired."

"Never mind the ladder," I replied. "I saw in the stable a long fir-pole, and that is all I want. I have often climbed up trees no thicker than that; and the pole has still its bark on, which makes it easier to mount."

I set to work, tying a string to my waistband, to haul up a shovel after I got to the top. I managed so well with feet and hands, and by pressing against the walls of the chimney as the Savoyards do, that I reached the roof. With the shovel I cleared away an open space, and found that there was about three feet of snow on the roof. Around the châlet it appeared to me that there was a great deal more. In fact, the wind had swept it up into a heap; nevertheless, there must have fallen an enormous mass of snow in a very short space of time. Every thing round about the châlet is hidden under a thick white carpet; the forest of fir-trees, which surrounds it in the direction of the valley, and which shuts in the prospect, is white like the rest, with the exception of the trunks, which appear all black. Many trees are crushed by the weight; I saw large branches, and even stems, that were broken into fragments. At that moment there blew a strong and bitter cold wind from the north; the dark clouds which it drove before it opened at intervals. Gleams of sunshine flashed through the openings, and ran over the field of snow with the swiftness of an arrow.

The cold began to lay hold of me. When I tried to describe to my grandfather what I saw, he heard that my teeth chattered. He told me to make haste and clear the trap, and as far as I could reach around the aperture of the chimney. It took some time, and was hard work; but it warmed me. Following my grandfather's directions, I passed the string I had brought through a pulley, in such a way that, by pulling from below, the trap would open, while its own weight would cause it to shut. When we had rehearsed this little manœuvre two or three times, to see that it worked properly, I descended more easily than I had mounted.

My clothes were all wet, and I had no others to put on. We lighted a bright fire of twigs and fir-cones; and then, lowering the trap and leaving no more than the necessary space for the smoke to escape, we spent the greater part of the day by the chimney corner, with no other light than that from the hearth; for our stock of oil was very small, and we clearly saw that we must not expect to quit our prison so soon. We did not light our lamp till it was time to milk the goat.

We find it a very unaccustomed and melancholy life, to have to drag through a whole day in this dull manner. Still I think that the hours would be less wearisome if we were not living in a constant state of expectation. It always seems as if some one were on the point of coming to rescue us. I mounted a second time upon the roof to look whether any body had arrived; I incessantly questioned grandpapa. He is in hopes, he says, that my father reached home safely; but perhaps the roads are completely choked by the drifted snow.

At last, after completely closing the chimney by means of the trap, we went to bed, hoping that somebody might come to our assistance to-day; but this morning we find that, for the present, the thing is almost impossible. As far as we can observe, it must have snowed all night. We had considerable difficulty in opening the trap to light our fire; I found two feet of fresh snow.

*November* 25.—The snow continues to fall abundantly. I have again had great difficulty in raising the trap. We think it prudent to clear the roof of a portion of the snow with which it is laden. It employed a great part of the day. I leave under my feet a layer of snow sufficiently thick to keep out the cold, and I throw off the rest.

It is some amusement to escape out of my dungeon for a little while; and yet, what I do see is very sad. The inequalities of the ground around us are scarcely distinguishable; the whole landscape is most forlorn. The earth is white, the sky is black. I have read at school the narratives of voyages in the Icy Sea and the Polar regions; I fancy we must be transported there. But since those wretched travelers, who suffered so much from cold and incurred such great dangers, have sometimes returned to their native land, I hope that we also shall see my father and our village again.

We are not deprived of *every* comfort in our sequestered habitation. We have found more hay and straw than Blanchette would consume in a whole twelvemonth for food and bedding. If she continues to yield us milk, we have in her a valuable resource. But an accident might deprive us of her; and we were very glad to find, in a corner of the stable, a small stock of potatoes. We have begun to cover them with straw, to protect them from the frost. My father had packed the woodstack also in the stable; but there is not enough to carry us through a long winter. We did right, therefore, in thinking of closing the trap at the times when we have no urgent need of fire; as we have reason to fear that our fuel may run short, it is a good thing to be able to keep out the cold. Fortunately, the snow, which imprisons us, also shelters us. I am surprised that we feel the cold so little, buried up as we are. "That is why," my grandfather observed, "the young wheat gets through the winter so well." We will do the same. We will lie snug and close all the winter, and in spring we will put our heads out of the window. But what a wearisome time we have to get through till then; and God grant that that may be all we have to suffer!

To make up for the wood we have a heap of fir-cones, which I partly collected myself, to burn at the village. It is a mere chance they were not taken there. And, in short, if we are driven to it, we shall not hesitate to burn the hay-racks and the mangers in the stable. When it becomes a question of life and death, we must not look too closely at trifles; we shall be acting like the navigators who cast their cargoes into the sea.

Our people had already in part unfurnished the châlet. What we regret the least is the great caldron for making cheese. They have left us a few necessary kitchen utensils; and besides, a hatchet all jagged at the edges, and a saw which will hardly cut. We have each of us a pocket-knife. Although our housekeeping articles are very incomplete, we shall manage to get on with these. We much more regret the provisions: ours are but scanty. What a pity we could only find three loaves, of the sort which are kept for a whole year in the mountain, and which are obliged at last to be chopped up with a hatchet! We also found plenty of salt, a small quantity of ground coffee, five bottles of old white wine, a little oil, and a small stock of pork lard.

We have only one bed, but we sleep at our ease. According to our mountain custom, it is big enough to hold five or six persons. It stands in the corner of our only living-room, which is also the kitchen and the cheese-factory. Only one blanket has been left us; if it is not enough, we must make use of hay and straw. "I only wish," I said, "that I could do as the marmots do—go to sleep and remain torpid until the return of spring."

*November* 26.—While examining the state of our furniture and our provisions, I have searched into every corner, to see if I could not find some books. I knew that my father never went up to the châlet without taking with him a Bible and several religious books, which he read to his workmen on Sundays, to supply in some degree the public service which they attend in the village. But, apparently, he had sent his little library away.

We much regretted, in our solitary prison, not having this means of sustaining and consoling ourselves during our long watches. To-day, having noticed, behind the old oak wardrobe, a plank which somebody had stuck there out of the way, I pulled it out, thinking that it might serve some useful purpose. With it there fell down an old dusty book, which must have been lost and forgotten for several years. It was a Bible.

*November* 27.—Continually snowing! It is rare to see so great a quantity fall even at this season, and on the mountains. In spite of that, I can not get over my surprise at my father's not coming to our assistance, nor can I help expressing it. Hitherto my grandfather has not allowed me to perceive his uneasiness; our conversation to-day has shown that he is not less alarmed than myself.

"In fact," I said, "this immense fall of snow did not come all at once. On the first, the second, and even the third day of our captivity, they might, one would think, have cleared a path up to the châlet."

"I am certain," said my grandfather, "that François has done all he could; but perhaps he could not get our friends and neighbors to share his fears, and it was out of his power to rescue us without assistance."

"Do you believe that, if it had been possible to fetch us away, they would have left us here, at the risk of finding us dead in the spring? Can they

be less humane than the persons of whom we read in the newspapers, who make the greatest exertions, often at the peril of their lives, to save some unfortunate fellow-creature who is buried in a mine, in digging a well, or under a vault which has fallen in?"

"I grant, my dear Louis, that our position is very sad; but, after all, they know that we are under shelter, and have some provisions."

We went on for some time in this strain. When my grandfather was silent, I took his hands in mine, and said:

"Hide nothing from me, I entreat you. Tell me, are you not quite as uneasy as I am? Speak frankly. I am able to bow with resignation to the will of God; I therefore deserve your confidence. Acquaint me with your suppositions, and do not let me torment myself with my own alone. I had rather look misfortune full in the face, and know what you really think."

"Well, my poor boy, I can not deny that I fear some accident has happened to your father. Now it has come to this, I had better tell you so at once. But, in short, I hardly know what to think of it; because, in default of him, other persons ought to have borne us in mind."

At this, I could restrain my tears and sobs no longer. My grandfather allowed me to give way to my grief. The fire went out as we sat before it. We remained there in the dark till it was quite late. My grandfather kept one of my hands in his, pressing it from time to time.

"I have told you my fears," he said, at last; "but do not forget that I still have hopes. We can not tell what unforeseen cause may have prevented their coming. All may yet turn out well. Put your trust in Providence."

*December* 1.—I can not conquer the terror which seizes me as I write this date. If some of the November days appeared so long and wearisome, what will they be this month? At least it would be bearable if we were sure this were the last of our captivity. But I no longer dare fix any term to it. The snow is heaped up to such a height that it looks as if it would take the whole summer long to melt it. It is now on a level with the roof; and if I did not get up every day to clear the chimney, we should soon be unable to open the trap or to light a fire.

It vexes me that my grandfather can not sometimes step out of this confined vault into the open air. I asked him this morning what he longed for the most, and he said, "A ray of sunshine. Nevertheless," he added, "our lot is much less wretched than that of very many prisoners, a number of whom have not deserved imprisonment any more than we have. We enjoy a certain amount of liberty in our seclusion, and we find subjects of amusement which are not attainable inside the four walls of a dungeon; we are not visited every day by a suspicious or cruel or even an indifferent jailer. The evils which we suffer from the hand of God have never the bitterness of those which we believe we may attribute to the injustice of men; and lastly, my boy, we are not in solitary confinement; and, if your presence here causes me to feel regret for your sake, which I make no attempt to conceal, it also sustains me, and is almost necessary to my existence. I do not think you are very dissatisfied with your companion; every thing about us, even up to Blanchette, is some alleviation to our captivity, and I assure you it is not merely for her milk's sake that I feel attached to her."

These last words set me thinking, and I proposed to let the poor creature live more in our company. "She is uncomfortable all alone in the stable," I said; "she bleats frequently, and that may do her harm, and us also. What is there to hinder us from letting her have a corner here? There is plenty of room for all of us. She will be much obliged to us for the honor we do her." I nailed a little manger against the wall, in the corner where she would be the least in our way, fixing it firmly with a couple of stakes; and, without further delay, introduced Blanchette into our sitting-room.

How delighted she is at the change! She does nothing but thank us, in her way. If it went on so, she would become fatiguing; but when she is accustomed to her novel position she will be quieter. At this very moment, while I am committing these details to paper, she is lying on some fresh litter, chewing the cud peaceably, and gazing at me so contentedly that she seems to guess I am writing her history. Hitherto, she has wanted for nothing, and at least there is one happy being inside the châlet.

*December* 3.—The sunshine to-day attracted me out on the roof. Cold dry weather has succeeded to the continued snow-storms. How my eyes were dazzled by the great white expanse, and how beautiful the forest looked! I hardly dared mention to grandfather the delight it gave me; but it suggested that I might dig away the snow in front of the door, and make a sloping path upward from it to the surface of the snow-drift. I have already set to work, and my grandfather will soon enjoy what he has long been wishing for, a ray of sunshine.

*December* 4.—My task progresses; I labor at it as long as my grandfather will allow. The idea had struck him before it occurred to me, and I have scolded him for not communicating it. He was afraid that the exertion and the moisture to my feet might do me harm.

*December* 5.—We can step out of our house; the path is made; I have had the pleasure of leading my grandfather along it, supporting him on one side. We remained several minutes at the end of our avenue, which is not long; but the day was gloomy, and it made us very sad to see the black forest, the cloudy sky, and the snow surrounding us with the silence of death. We beheld only one living creature—a bird of prey—which passed at a distance with a hoarse scream. It flew down toward the valley in the direction of our village. The pagans would have derived some omen from it, but we have no such superstition.

*December* 9.—What a dreadful day! I had yet to learn what a hurricane up in the mountains was like. I can hardly describe what passed out of doors. We heard a frightful roaring. When we tried to open the door ajar, the châlet was filled with a whirlwind of snow; the wind rushed in with such fury that we had great difficulty in closing the door again. We were obliged to drop the trap of the chimney; and, besides, it was impossible to light a fire, because the smoke was continually driven down again. We ate our milk without boiling it. My grandfather keeps up my courage by his calm behavior, as well as by his grave and pious words. At the time when one would say that the wrath of God was hanging over us, he speaks to me of His compassion and His mercy. On trying a second time to open the door, we found that a mass of snow had fallen back upon it, so that we are completely imprisoned, as before. What I most regret is my window; it is drifted up again. Decidedly, as soon as the weather permits, I will make a fresh attempt to regain a little light and liberty.

*December* 11.—The cold is much sharper. Although we are buried under the snow, which perhaps prevents our hearing the storm, the frost strikes to our very bones. My grandfather says that, to be felt so keenly inside the châlet, the cold must be extremely intense. He supposes that the wind has changed to the north.

*December* 13.—I was milking the goat, while my grandfather lighted the fire. Suddenly she pricked up her ears, as if she heard some extraordinary noise. She trembled violently from head to foot.

"What is the matter, Blanchette?" I asked, caressing her. I could now hear the noises; they were low and distant howlings, which gradually grew louder and louder. We then heard hundreds of feet pattering on the crisp snow overhead; we heard a rush of animals, a fierce struggle above us, mingled with horrid cries that made my blood run cold.

"What is that?" I asked, though I knew what it must be, without asking.

"Hush! The wolves!" said my grandfather in a whisper, blowing out the light and extinguishing the fire. "Keep Blanchette quiet; take her in your arms, and give her a little salt to lick, to keep her from bleating."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

## POLITICAL.

### VIEWS OF COLONEL ORR ON DISUNION.

We learn from the Greenville (South Carolina) *Patriot* that on Tuesday of last week Colonels Orr and Ashmore addressed the citizens of the district in the Court-house. Colonel Orr had no hope of the defeat of Lincoln, but would counsel no hasty action on the part of the State. South Carolina should not withdraw alone. He differed from others in the opinion that our Legislature should call for a Convention of the people as soon as it was ascertained that Lincoln was elected. He thought it would be wiser and more prudent that Commissioners should be appointed to go to and consult with the other Southern States, and ascertain the course they intended to pursue under the circumstances, so that there might be a concert of action.

South Carolina has tried the experiment of sending a Commissioner to a sister Southern State when her soil was invaded, and the result of that experiment does not afford much encouragement to repeat it. At this crisis, however, although each State must in her sovereign capacity decide upon her own course of action, yet it will be doubtless thought advisable to secure in some way as much concert of action as practicable.

### GOVERNOR MOORE IS FOR A SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

The New Orleans *Delta* contains a long letter from Governor Moore, in reply to a note sent him by a number of prominent citizens, requesting his opinion as to the proper policy for the South to pursue in the event of the success of the Republican party. The letter of the Governor is an elaborate discussion of the question at issue, but closes with the following direct reply to the interrogatory:

It is asked, if Lincoln be elected President what should the South do? To this I answer, that I do not regard it as wise or prudent to commit myself, either as a citizen or a magistrate, to any extreme measure. But speaking for myself, and for myself alone, I am free to say that the success of Mr. Lincoln would justify the Southern States in withdrawing from the Union. But I do not advise, or bind myself personally or officially, to this particular course. I think the Southern States should meet in conference, as some means may be devised to save us from the disunion that all deprecate, and none would lament more sincerely than myself. Although surrounded by gloom and danger I am not without hope that we shall yet weather the storm.

### ALEC STEPHENS EXPECTS CIVIL WAR.

Alexander H. Stephens writes: "Present appearances, however, will not cause me to relax in the least my endeavors to arrest the evils if possible. Should Mr. Breckinridge get the entire South, and Mr. Lincoln the entire North, I fear that no earthly power can prevent civil war. Still, if those whose folly or wickedness brought it about should not be sustained at the South by public sentiment in favor of their secession movements, they may pause before pushing projects to extremes. My health has greatly improved. Douglas is to be in Georgia on the 29th inst. We will keep the flag afloat, even though he does not get a single electoral vote. Should the Government survive, the principles will live."

### SECESSION UNPOPULAR AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin* of the 25th talks plainly of the Secessionists. It says:

"What have the Secessionists done for the South? Can any body tell? What have they done for her except to foment agitation, to make politics a trade, and to call off attention from measures of industrial development which would make her really independent? We appeal to every honest, intelligent man to say whether the Union men of the South have not always been the persistent and indefatigable advocates of the development of her resources, of internal improvements, of all those measures whose tendency is to place the South upon high, independent, and impregnable ground. They have advocated, with exhaustive toil and unflagging perseverance, those economic instrumentalities that never fail to make a people strong and rich, and able and willing to maintain their own liberties, and to repel all attacks, come from what quarter soever they may. What support have they had from the great body of Southern sectionalists in this great work?

"What have the latter been about all the while? Why, trading in politics, abusing the North, republishing Abolition insults and slang, saving the South by passing frothy, truculent, and cheap resolutions; threatening secession and disunion, and at the same time sending millions of dollars to the North to enrich and build it up. This is what they have been doing, and every honest man knows it. The advocates of Southern independence, prosperity, and wealth have not only had no support worth speaking of from the sectionalists, but they have not unfrequently encountered their opposition. The sectionalists have often ridiculed the efforts of the industrials of the South to make her really independent of the North. The former have been saving the South by cheap resolutions and windy speeches ever since we can remember. Their resolutions have been written upon Northern paper, with Northern ink and pens; the resolutionists have worn Northern clothes, have sat upon Northern chairs, and, in a word, have been giving the North the very kind of aid and comfort which it most desires, while fulminating wordy resolves against it which have only excited contempt. The people are now asked to indorse and continue this same old ding-dong, slam-banging, slam-whanging method of 'saving the South,' by voting for the party that has been really making the South comparatively poor, and keeping her back in her career of industrial development, moral power, and political influence."

### MR. EVERETT NOT IN FAVOR OF THE EQUALITY OF THE RACES.

Mr. M'Craw, one of the Union electors in Alabama, withdrew from that ticket and went over to Mr. Breckinridge because he inferred, from a letter written by Mr. Leverett Saltonstall, that Mr. Everett was in favor of the equality of the races, since his sons once went to a school of which a colored boy was a member. This correspondence was forwarded to Mr. Everett by a gentleman of Montgomery, and he telegraphed back immediately as follows:

Boston, *Oct.* 20, 1860.—There is not the slightest foundation for the charges of Judge Rice, or the inferences of Mr. M'Craw. Edward Everett.

### NEW LINE-OF-BATTLE STEAMERS.

The board of officers appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to examine and report upon the feasibility of converting our sailing vessels of war into steamers, have recommended that the *Pennsylvania, Ohio, North Carolina, Alabama, Virginia, and New York*, all line-of-battle ships, be altered into steamers of the first class. The expense will, it is estimated, amount to $3,064,000.

### DEATH OF GRIZZLY ADAMS.

The telegraph has announced the mere fact that James C. Adams, better known as "Old Adams," or "Grizzly Adams," is dead. Born in the very eastern woods of Maine, brought forth in a forest where not even a hut was ready to shelter him, he passed naturally through a rough youth into a wilder and more uncivilized manhood. In 1848, he being then forty-three years old, he went to California, and there ten years hunted among the mountains of that coast. His tastes led him to cultivate the society of bears, which he did at great personal risk, but with remarkable success, using them as pack-horses by day, as blankets by night, as companions at all times. Taking a collection of them, he came to the East, arriving in this city last spring. His menagerie was stationed for some time on Thirteenth Street, and few of our city readers have not seen the strange old man taking a morning airing with a bear or two, accompanied by a limited but noisy band, composed of a bass drum and a piccolo flute. He had frequent personal encounters with his bears, and after a time people began to feel a want of something in their daily paper if the chronicle narrated not how Old Adams had lost a leg, an arm, or part of his head on the day before, through the petulence of his chief grizzly. The gray-bearded, sharp-eyed, rough old hunter finally, however, succumbed to his destiny. He could conquer the passing obstinacy or ugliness of his animals, but the strife left its marks, and repeated attacks of bear were at last too much for him. Almost for the first time in his life, he spent the closing hours of his pilgrimage in the quiet repose of a civilized country home, dying with his friends.

### DISASTER AT SEA.

We read in the Boston *Journal*: "A Gloucester correspondent informs us that intelligence has been received at that port of the loss of one of the mackerel catchers which left the Bay of St. Lawrence last month with a full fare. When just outside of Cape Canso, during the night, in a thick fog, she was run down by a steamer, carrying away her bowsprit and foremast, and staving in her bows. What damage the steamer sustained is not known, as she passed on without offering any assistance to the schooner. The wind blowing fresh from the northward, they found it impossible to reach the Nova Scotia shore, and, after drifting about for two days, headed for the Western Islands, but had proceeded but twenty-four hours when she became water-logged and unmanageable. Seven of the crew were washed overboard by the sea, and the remaining nine took to the boat. They were in the boat two days when it capsized, and before they could get her righted two men were devoured by sharks. By this misfortune they lost all their provisions, water, and oars. In this condition they floated about for four days, during which time two men died from exhaustion. One of the bodies was thrown overboard, and the other was kept to satisfy the hunger which was consuming them; but just as they were about to partake of this horrid meal, a sail hove in sight, which rapidly neared and rescued them more dead than alive.

"The vessel which rescued them was a Portuguese. She carried them to St. Domingo, where they were kindly treated and sent home by the American Consul. The name of the schooner is not given, neither the names of the captain nor crew. The steamer was probably one outward bound, as no intelligence of such a collision has been received on this side of the Atlantic."

### PERSONAL.

Mrs. Douglas is accompanying her husband on his Southern tour. On her way to Memphis some disrespectful pickpocket relieved her of a valuable gold watch.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### A WIFE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A Gotha newspaper supposes that the only daughter of the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, just turned seventeen, is the destined bride of the Prince of Wales.

The Queen and Court have arrived at Windsor from Germany. The Queen has recovered from her indisposition.

### THE GRACE DARLING FAMILY AGAIN.

The Grace Darling family have again performed a humane act. On the evening of Tuesday, the 8th ult., the sloop *Trio*, Anderson, of Arbroath (coal), for Leith, left Shields with a fair wind, and was overtaken by the gale on Wednesday morning off North Sunderland; got as far as Skate Roads, when they let go both anchors, which, during a perfect hurricane, were snapped, and the vessel drifted on the Longstone Rock, where the *Forfarshire* was lost. The master and crew had great difficulty in getting from the ship, and after being twelve hours on the rock were picked off by the father, a brother, and two nephews, of that heroine Grace Darling—the father now being in his seventy-fifth year, fifty of which he has been in the Light-house service—and after being kindly treated by them they were landed next day at North Sunderland, whence they were forwarded to Arbroath by the Shipwrecked Fishermen's Society.

### THE "GREAT EASTERN" LAID UP.

The London *Times* of the 13th inst. says: "The *Great Eastern* is now left under the charge of Mr. Davies, the officer of the decks, who has made a wonderful revolution in the appearance of the ship, and that, too, with but half a dozen men, as she is now very nearly all repainted. Captain John Vine Hall, Mr. Bold, managing director, and Mr. M'Lennan, the chief engineer, have been paid off. It is contemplated, we believe, at the close of the present month, to shut up the ship altogether, and pay off all hands. This would be but bad economy, as, to say nothing of the damage to the machinery from having no one to attend to it, the dampness of the climate at Milford Haven will effectually rot all the splendid hangings of the saloon unless fires be from time to time burned in them. The sum required for the new decks and alterations in the bearings of the screw-shaft will cost about £10,000 in themselves, besides the cost of the heating apparatus. The ship will remain in her present position for some months, as after Sunday next the spring tides will not again be sufficiently high until Christmas to float her. She is now placed in a perfectly sheltered position from the only wind that could blow her off the gridiron even if she was afloat."

## FRANCE.

### TROUBLE WITH THE CLERGY.

The Pope's Nuncio has left Paris, and is not expected to return. The priesthood throughout France are savage in their denunciation of the invasion of the patrimony of the Holy Father.

The London *Times* correspondent says: "Seldom has the spirit of hostility been so general in the Church of France, and never has it been more boldly displayed. Pastorals, circulars, allocutions, and sermons denounce, and all but implore, Divine vengeance on the invaders of the Papal States, and by implication on the Emperor. The whole prelacy is aroused from one end of the country to the other."

### THE ROYAL CONGRESS AT WARSAW.

The sovereigns were to meet at Warsaw on 20th ult. It was reported that Prussia will demand of Austria, as the price of her support in Europe, that Austria should help in reviving, at no distant day, the question of the Danish Duchies. There is no reason to believe that Napoleon will participate in the deliberations.

## ITALY.

### GARIBALDI TO RETIRE.

The people of Naples and Sicily are to vote on the question of annexation to Piedmont. As soon as the annexation of Naples and Sicily to Sardinia is proclaimed, Garibaldi will resign his political authority and assume the title and functions of commander-in-chief of the land and sea forces of Southern Italy. He will exclusively occupy himself in preparing for war next spring, and will make an appeal to all Europe for volunteers.

### THE OCCUPATION OF NAPLES.

Fourteen thousand Piedmontese troops had already reached Naples by sea. After Victor Emanuel reviews them they will march to Caserta to be joined by those entering by the Roman frontier. Victor Emanuel had not reached Naples at latest dates. The Turin *Gazette* says Prussia has simply made some remarks against the entry of Sardinian troops into Naples. The Russian Embassador at Turin has been recalled, and the Sardinian Embassador at St. Petersburg has received his passports.

### TROUBLES AT NAPLES.

Mazzini having refused to leave Naples, the Pro-Dictator prohibited political clubs and meetings. The Pro-Dictator has also forbidden Louis Blanc to open national workshops.

A telegram dated Naples, October 13, says: "Yesterday, in consequence of the resignations tendered by the Pro-Dictator Pallavicini and his Ministers, the National Guard went to Garibaldi and represented to him that disturbances were imminent. The Dictator ordered them to fire on any person shouting in favor of a republic. The patrols which were afterward sent through the streets were saluted with shouts of 'Down with Mazzini!' 'Down with Crispi!'

"The Dictator has published a proclamation, in which, after announcing the approaching arrival of Victor Emanuel, he says: 'Let us be ready to receive the man whom Providence has sent us. There will be no more discord. Let United Italy and King Victor Emanuel, the Galantuomo, be the perpetual symbols of our regeneration.'

"A circular of the Ministry, expressing the same feeling, has also been published."

### ROMAN AFFAIRS.

A telegram dated Rome, October 11, says: "General Guyon has sent three regiments to reoccupy Viterbo and the patrimony of St. Peter.

"Lamoricière and General Schmidt are expected here.

"Beeddievre has been appointed colonel. Cordova has been summoned to Gaeta.

"The Pope has issued a proclamation ordering an inquiry concerning the prisoners taken by the Sardinians, whom the Papal Government accuses the latter of having plundered.

"The report is current that Russia has sent considerable gifts to the Pope.

"The movement of the French upon Viterbo and other places within fifty miles of Rome caused great dissatisfaction among the inhabitants. Petitions to the King of Sardinia and Napoleon on the subject were being most numerously signed at various places.

"It is reiterated that Austrian troops were largely concentrated on the frontier; and there was an unconfirmed rumor that four thousand Austrians from Mantua had crossed the Po."

## SPAIN.

### THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE QUEEN.

Judicial proceedings had been commenced against Rodrique Servia, the man who fired at the Queen of Spain. He has confessed, and says he was employed by Hernore Prade, a deputy of the Cortes Alli.

### ESCAPE OF HON. W. PRESTON.

The Louisville *Journal* gives the following particulars of the narrow escape of Hon. William Preston and family, to which the telegraph has already alluded: "On the 2d ult. he sailed with his family from Marseilles in a Spanish vessel, on his route for Madrid. They had not proceeded far when the vessel struck a rock, and all the passengers were in imminent peril. Colonel Preston placed his wife and two daughters in one boat, three daughters in another, and embarked himself and his son in a third. The ladies were all landed in safety, but the boat in which the Colonel and his son were was stranded on a rocky shore; the young gentleman was thrown out, but was rescued by the inhabitants who had gathered on the beach. The Colonel himself was drawn back three or four times by the receding waves and undertow, and though eventually he was saved by the desperate exertions of Maltese and Catalan boatmen, he was in an apparently lifeless condition. Restoratives were efficiently administered, and we are pleased to state that at last advices the Colonel and all his family were entirely recovered and had gone back to Marseilles."

## CHINA.

### COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR.

The accounts from China state that the Allies reached the Pei-ho on the 1st of August, and established camps. On the 12th they had a fight with the Chinese, when the latter fled in disorder. The attack on the Taku forts, where the British naval forces suffered so disastrously last year, was to be made on the 15th. The rebels attacked Shanghai on the 18th, but were repulsed.

## AFRICA.

### HUMAN SACRIFICES AT DAHOMEY.

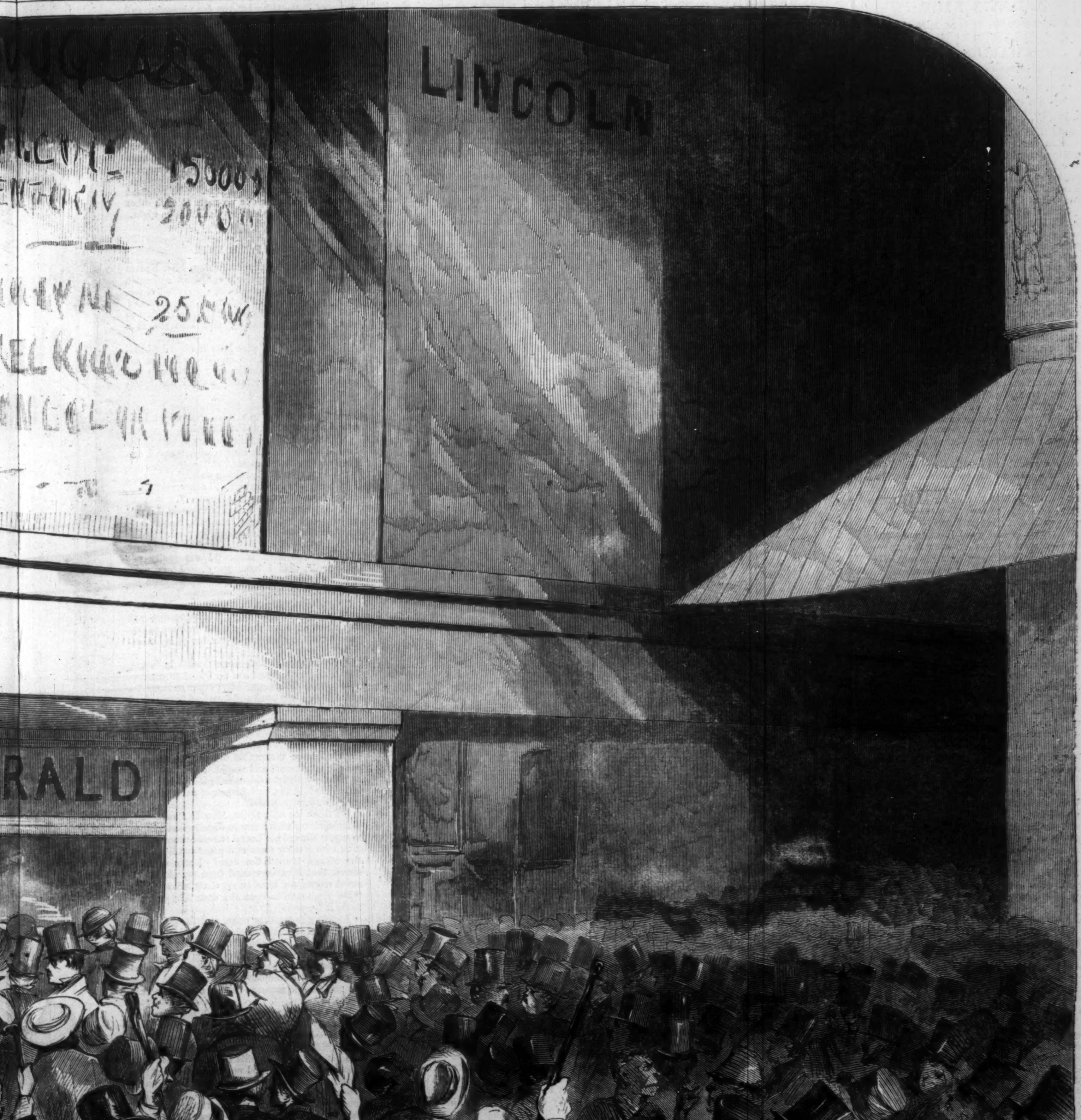
The human sacrifices at Dahomey far exceeded the number reported. The victims were reckoned by thousands.

## MEXICO.

### PROGRESS OF REVOLUTION.

We have details of news from the capital of Mexico to the 17th, and from Vera Cruz to the 21st ult. The city of Guadalajara had fallen, after a nearly three weeks' siege, during which the citizens suffered every kind of hardship and privation. The capture of this city is very important for the Juarez party, and may determine the fate of the capital sooner than might have been expected otherwise, more especially if the victorious Ortega should cut off Marquez, who had marched to the relief of Guadalajara with a force which Miramon could badly spare, and certainly could not afford to lose. The most important item from the capital is the fact that Mr. Mathews, the British Chargé, had been ordered by his government to demand his passports. The reasons alleged for this step amount, in fact, to a declaration that Mexico is in too demoralized and semi-barbarous a condition to merit any respect or attention from any foreign power. The papers publish statements of barbarous and inhuman cruelty on the part of Miramon, worthy only of a Tiberius or a Tamerlane, and which might well justify the allegation.

READING, BY THE AID OF A DRUMMOND LIGHT, THE RETURNS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL




AL ELECTION, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 6, 1860, AT THE HERALD OFFICE, NEW YORK.

## A DAY'S RIDE:

### A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

**BY CHARLES LEVER.**

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THERE is no denying it, I have led a life of far more than ordinary happiness. The white squares in the checker of my existence have certainly equaled the black ones, and it is not every man can say as much. I suspect I owe a great share of this enjoyment to temperament, to a disposition not so much remarkable for opposing difficulties as for deriving all the possible pleasure from any fortunate conjuncture. This gift I know I possess. I am not one of those strong natures which, by their intrinsic force, are ever impressing their own image on the society they live in. I am a weak, frail, yielding creature; but my very pliancy has given me many a partnership in emotions which, with a more rugged temperament, I had not partaken of. When one has wept over a friend's misfortune, and awakes to the consciousness that no ill has befallen himself, he feels as some great millionaire might feel when he has bestowed a thousand pounds in charity and yet knows he is never the poorer. With the proud consciousness of this fresh title to men's admiration, he has the secret satisfaction of knowing that he will go clothed in purple as before, and fare to-day as sumptuously as yesterday. Do not, most generous of readers, call this selfishness. It is the very reverse. It is the grand culminating point of human sympathy.

I have a great deal more to say about myself. It is a theme I am really fond of; but I am not exactly sure that you are like-minded, or that this is the fittest place for it. I return to events.

It was on a bright, breezy morning of the early autumn that a heavy old German traveling carriage—a wagon!—rattled over the uneven pavement of Kalbbratenstadt, and soon gaining one of the long forest alleys, rolled noiselessly over the smooth sward. Within sat an elderly lady with a due allowance of air-cushions, toy terriers, and guide-books; in the rumble were a man and a maid; and in the cabriolet in front were a pale but placid girl, with large gray eyes and long lashes, and he who now writes these lines beside her. They who had only known me a few months back as a freshman of Trinity would not have recognized me now, as I sat with a long-peaked traveling-cap, a courier's belt and bag at my side, and the opening promise of a small, furry mustache on my upper lip; not to say that I had got up a sort of supercilious air of contemptuous pity for the foreigner, which I had observed to be much in favor with the English abroad. It cost me dear to do this, and nothing but the consciousness that it was one of the requirements of my station could have made me assume it, for in my heart of hearts I reveled in enjoyment of all around me. I like the soft, breezy, balmy air, the mellow beech wood, the grassy turf overgrown with violets, the wild notes of the frightened wood-pigeon, the very tramp-tramp of the massive horses, with their scarlet tassels and their jingling bells, all pleased and interested me. Not to speak of her who, at my side, felt a very child's delight at every novelty of the way.

"What would I have said to any one who, only a fortnight ago, had promised me such happiness as this?" said I to my companion, as we drove along, while the light branches rustled pleasantly over the roof of the carriage, darkening the shade around us, or occasionally deluging us with the leaves as we passed.

"And are you, then, so very happy?" asked she, with a pleasant smile.

"Can you doubt it? or rather is it that, as the emotion does not extend to yourself, you *do* doubt it?"

"Oh, as for me," cried she, joyfully, "it is very different. I have never traveled till now—seen nothing, actually nothing. The veriest commonplaces of the road, the peasants' costumes, their wayside cottages, the little shrines they kneel at, are all objects of picturesque interest to me, and I am ready to exclaim at each moment, "Oh! why can not we stop here? shall we ever see any thing so beautiful again as this?"

"And hearing you talk thus, you can ask me am I so very happy!" said I, reproachfully.

"What I meant was, is it not stupid to have no companion of your own turn of mind, none with whom you could talk without condescending to a tone beneath you, just as certain stories are reduced to words of one syllable for little children?"

"Mademoiselle is given to sarcasm, I see," said I, half peevishly.

"Nothing of the kind," said she, blushing slightly. "It was in perfect good faith. I wished you a more suitable companion. Indeed, after what I had heard from his excellency about you, I was terrified at the thought of my own insufficiency."

"And pray what *did* he say of me?" asked I, in a flutter of delight.

"Are you very fond of flattery?"

"Immensely!"

"Is it not possible that praise of you could be so exaggerated as to make you feel ashamed?"

"I should say, perfectly impossible; that is, to a mind regulated as mine over-elation could never happen. Tell me, therefore, what he said."

"I can't remember one half of it; he remarked how few men in the career—I conclude he meant diplomacy—could compare with you; that you had such just views about the state of Europe, such an accurate appreciation of public men. I can't say how many opportunities you mustn't have had, and what valuable uses you have not put them to. In a word, I felt that I was about to travel with a great statesman and a consummate man of the world, and was terrified accordingly."

"And now that the delusion is dispelled, how do you feel?"

"But is it dispelled? Am I not shocked with my own temerity in daring to talk thus lightly with one so learned?"

"If so," said I, "you conceal your embarrassment wonderfully."

And then we both laughed, but I am not quite sure it was at the same joke.

"Do you know where you are going?" said I, taking out a traveling map as a means of diverting our conversation into some higher channel.

"Not in the least."

"Nor care?"

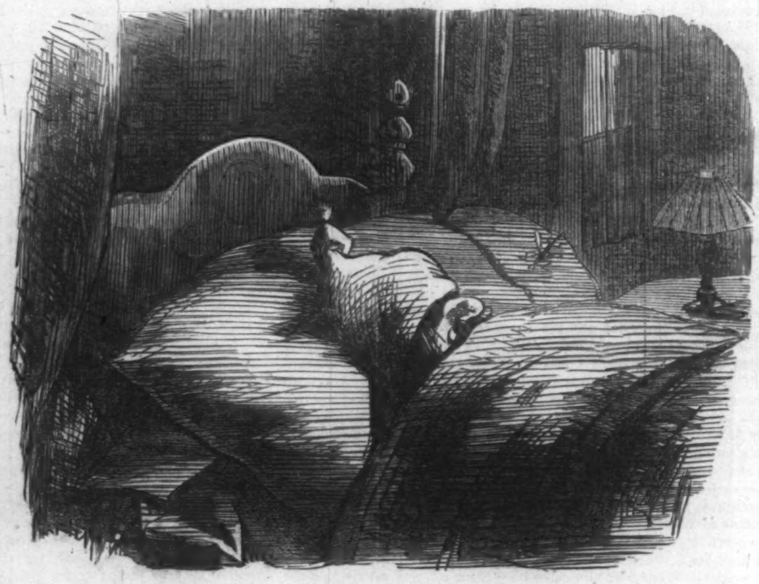
"Nor care."

"Well, I must say, it is a most independent frame of mind. Perhaps you could extend this fine philosophy, and add, 'Nor with whom!'"

I was not at all conscious of what an impertinence I had uttered till it was out; nor, indeed, even then, till I remarked that her cheek had become scarlet, and her eyes double as dark as their wont.

"Yes," said she; "there is one condition for which I should certainly stipulate—not to travel with any one who could needlessly offend me."

I could have cried with shame; I could have held my hand in the flame of a fire to expiate my rude speech. And so I told her; while I assured her at the same time, with marvelous consistency, that it was not rude at all; that it was entirely misconception on her part; that nous autres diplomates—Heaven forgive me the



"IS THE MOSQUITO THE HAPPIER FOR HAVING STUNG ONE'S NOSE?"

lying assumption!—had a way of saying little smartnesses that don't mean much; that we often made our coin ring on the table, though it turned out bad money when it came to be looked at; that Talleyrand did it, and Walewsky did it, and I did it—we all did it!

Now there was one most unlucky feature in all this. It was only a few minutes before this passage occurred that I said to myself, "Potts, here is one whose frank, fresh, generous nature claims all your respect and devotion. No nonsense of your being this, that, and t'other here. Be truthful and be honest; neither pretend to be man of fortune nor man of fashion; own fairly to her by what chance you adventured upon this strange life; tell her, in a word, you are the son of Potts—Potts, the 'pothecary—and neither a hero nor a plenipotentiary!"

I have no doubt, most amiable of readers, that nothing can seem possibly more easy than to have done all this. You deem it the natural and the ordinary course; just as, for instance, a merchant in good credit and repute would feel no repugnance to calling all his creditors together to inspect his books, and see that, though apparently solvent, he was in truth utterly bankrupt. And yet there is some difficulty in doing this. Does not the law of England expressly declare that no man need criminate himself? Who accuses you, then, Potts? What is the charge against you? And then I bethought me of the worthy old alderman, who, on learning that Robinson Crusoe was a fiction, exclaimed, "It may be so; but I have lost the greatest pleasure of my life in hearing it." What a profound philosophy was there in that simple avowal! With what illusions are we not cheered on through life; how unreal the joys that delight and the triumphs that elate us! for we are all hypochondriacs, and are as often cured with bread pills as with bold remedies. "Yes," thought I, "this young girl is happy in the thought that her companion is a person of rank, station, and influence; she feels a sort of self-elation in being associated with one endowed with all worldly advantages. Shall I rob her of this illusion? Shall I rudely deprive her of what imparts a charm to her existence, and gives a sort of romantic interest to her daily life? Harsh and needless would be the cruelty!"

While I thus argued with myself, she had opened her guide-book, and was eagerly reading away about the road we were traveling. "We are to halt at Bömerstein, are we not?" asked she.

"Yes," said I, "we rest there for the night. It is one of those little villages of which a German writer has given us a striking picture."

"Auerstadt," broke she in.

"So you have read him? You read German?"

"Yes, tolerably; that is, well enough for Schiller and Uhland, but not well enough for Jean Paul and Goethe."

"Never mind; trust me for a guide, you shall now venture upon both."

"But how will you be able to give up time valuable as yours to such teachings? Would it be fair of me, besides, to steal hours that ought to be devoted to your country?"

Though I had not the slightest imaginable ground to suspect any secret sarcasm in this speech, my guilty conscience made me feel it as a perfect torture. "She knows me," thought I, "and this sneer at my pretended importance is intended to overwhelm me."

"As to my country's claims," said I, haughtily, "I make light of them. All that I have seen of life only shows me the shallowness of what is called the public service. I am resolved to leave it, and for ever."

"And for what?"

"A life of retirement—obscurity if you will."

"It is what I should do if I were a man."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I have often reflected over the delight I have felt in walking through some man's demesne, reveling in the enjoyment of its leafy solitude, its dreary shade, its sunlit vistas; and I have thought, 'If all these things, not one of which are mine, can bring such pleasure to my heart, why should I not adopt the same philosophy in life, and be satisfied with enjoying without possessing? A very humble lot would suffice for one, nothing but great success could achieve the other.'"

"What becomes, then, of that great stimulus to good they call labor?"

"Oh, I should labor too. I'd work at whatever I was equal to. I'd sew, and knit, and till my garden, and be as useful as possible."

"And I would write," said I, enthusiastically, as though I were plotting out my share in this garden of Eden. "I would write all sorts of things: reviews, and histories, and stories, and short poems, and, last of all, the Confessions of Algernon Sydney Potts."

"Oh, what a shocking title! How could such names have met together? That shocking epithet Potts would vulgarize it all?"

"I really can not agree with you," said I, angrily.

"Without," continued she, "you meant it for a sort of quiz; and that Potts was to be a creature of absurdity and folly, a pretender and a snob."

I felt as if I was choking with passion; but I tried to laugh, and say, "Yes, of course."

"That would be good fun enough," went she on. "I'd like, if I could, to contribute to that. You should invent the situations, and leave me occasionally to supply the reflective part."

"It would be charming, quite delightful."

"Shall we do it, then? Let us try it by all means. We might begin by imagining Potts in search of this, that, or t'other—love, happiness, solitude, climate, scenery, any thing, in short. Let us fancy him on a journey, try and personate him, that would be the real way. Do you, for instance, be Potts, and I'll be his sister Susan. It will be the best fun in the world, as we go along, to see every thing, note every thing, and discuss every thing Pottswise."

"It would be too ridiculous, too absurd," said I, sick with anger.

"Not a bit; we are traveling with our old grandmother, we are making the tour of Europe, and keeping our journal. Every evening we compare notes of what we have seen. Pray do it; I'm quite wild to try it."

"Really," said I, gravely, "it is a sort of trifling I should find it very difficult to descend to. I see no reason, besides, to associate the name of Potts with what you are pleased to call snobbery!"

"Could you help it? Could you, with all the best will in the world, make Potts a man of distinction? Wouldn't he, in spite of you, be low, vulgar, inquisitive, and obtrusive? Wouldn't you find him thrusting himself forward, twenty times a day, into positions he had no right to? Wouldn't the creature be a butt, and a dupe—"

"Shall I own," burst I in, "that it gives me no exalted idea of your taste if I find that you select for ridicule a person on the mere showing that his name is a monosyllable? And, once for all, I repudiate all share in the scheme, and beg that I may not hear more of it."

I turned away as I said this. She resumed her book, and we spoke no more to each other till we reached our halting-place for the night.

### CHAPTER XVII.

I AM forced to the confession, Mrs. Keates was not what is popularly called an agreeable old lady. She spoke seldom, she smiled never, and she had a way of looking at you, a sort of cold astonishment, seeming to say, "How is this? Explain yourself," that kept me in a perpetual terror.

My morning's tiff with Miss Herbert had neither been condoned nor expiated when we sat down to dinner, as stiff a party of three as can well be imagined: scarcely a word was interchanged as we ate.

"If you drink wine, Sir, pray order it," said Mrs. Keates to me, in a voice that might have suited an invitation to Prussic acid.

"This little wine of the country is very pleasant, Madam," said I, courteously, "and I can even venture to recommend it."

"Not to me, Sir. I drink water."

"Perhaps Miss Herbert will allow me?"

"Excuse me, I also drink water."

After a very dreary and painful pause, I dared to express a faint hope that Mrs. Keates had not been fatigued by the day's journey.

She looked at me for a second or two before replying, and then said: "I am really not aware, Sir, that I have manifested any such signs of weariness as would warrant your inquiry. If I should have, however—"

"Oh, I beg you will pardon me, Madam," broke I in, apologetically; "my question was not meant for more than a mere ordinary politeness, a matter-of-course expression of my solicitude."

"It will save us both some trouble in future, Sir, if I remark that I am no friend to matter-of-course civilities, and never reply to them."

I felt as if my head and face had been passed across the open door of a blast furnace. I was in a perfect flame, and dared not raise my eyes from my plate.

"The waiter is asking if you will take coffee, Sir," said the inexorable old lady to me, as I sat almost stunned and stupid.

"Yes—with brandy—a full glass of brandy in it," cried I, in the half-despair of one who knew not how to rally himself.

"I think we may retire, Miss H.," said Mrs. Keates, rising with a severe dignity that seemed to say, "We are not bound to assist at an orgie." And with a stern stare and a defiant little bow she moved toward the door. I was so awe-struck that I never moved from my place, but stood resting my hand on my chair, till she said, "Do you mean to open the door, Sir, or am I to do it for myself?"

I sprang forward at once, and flung it wide, my face all scarlet with shame.

She passed out, and Miss Herbert followed her. Her dress, however, catching in the doorway, she turned back to extricate it; I seized the moment to stoop down and say, "Do let me see you for one moment this evening—one only moment."

She shook her head in silent negative, and went away.

I sat down at the table and filled myself a large goblet of wine: I drank it off, and replenished it. It was only this morning, a few brief hours ago, and I would not have changed fortunes with the Emperor of France. Life seemed to open before me like some beautiful alley in a garden, with a glorious vista in the distance. I would not have bartered the place in that cabriolet for the proudest throne in Europe. *She* was there beside me, listening in rapt attention, as I discoursed voyages, travels, memoirs, poetry, and personal adventures. With every changeful expression of lovely sympathy did she follow me through all. I was a hero to us both, myself as much captivated as she was; and now the brief drama was over, the lights were put out, and the theatre closed! How had I destroyed this golden delusion—why had I quarreled with her, and for what? For a certain Potts, a creature, that is to say, who had no existence! "For who is Potts?" said I. "Potts is no more a reality than Caleb Williams or Peregrine Pickle; Potts is the lay figure that the artist dresses in any costume he requires—a Ranchero to-day, a Railway Director to-morrow. What an absurdity in the importance we lend to mere names! Here, for instance, I take the label off the port and I hang it round the neck of the claret decanter: have I changed the quality of the vintage? have I brought Bordeaux to the meridian of Oporto? Not a bit of it. And yet a man is to be more the victim of an accident than a bottle of wine, and his intrinsic qualities—strength, flavor, and richness—are not to be tested, but simply implied from the label round his neck! How narrow-minded, after all, of her, who ought to have known better! It is thus, however, we educate our women; this is part and parcel of the false system by which we fancy we make them companionable. The North American In-

dians are far in advance of us in all this: they assign them their proper places and fitting duties; they feel that, in this life of ours, order and happiness depend on the due distribution of burdens, and the Snapping Alligator never feels his squaw more truly his helpmate than when she is skinning eels for his dinner."

How I hated that old woman! I don't think I ever detested a human creature so much as that. I have often speculated as to whether venomous reptiles have any gratification imparted to them when they inflict a poisonous wound. Is the mosquito the happier of having stung one's nose? And, in the same spirit, I should like to know, do the disagreeable people of this world sleep the better from the consciousness of having offended us? Is there that great ennobling sense of a mission fulfilled for every cheek they set on fire and every heart they depress? and do they quench hope and extinguish ambition with the same zeal that the Sun or the Phœnix put out a fire?

"'If you drink wine, Sir, pray order it,'" said I, mimicking her imperious tone. "Yes, Madam, I do drink wine, and I mean to order it, and liberally. I travel at the expense of that noble old paymaster who only wags his tail the more the more he has to pay—the British Lion. I go down in the extraordinaries. I'm on what is called a special service, 'Keep an account of your expenses, Paynter!' Confound his insolence, he would say 'Paynter.' By-the-way, I have never looked how he calls me in my passport. I'm curious to see if I be Paynter there." I had left the bag containing this and money in my room, and I rang the bell, and told the waiter to fetch it.

The passport set forth in due terms all the dignities, honors, and decorations of the great man who granted it, and who bespoke for the little man who traveled by it all aid and assistance possible, and to let him pass freely, etc. "Mr. Ponto—British subject." "'Ponto!' What an outrage! This comes of a man making his maître d'hôtel his secretary. That stupid French flunky has converted me into a water dog. This may explain a good deal of the old lady's rudeness; how could she be expected to be even ordinarily civil to a man called Ponto? She'd say at once, 'His valet was an Italian, and of course a courier, or a valet; or he was a foundling, and called after a favorite spaniel.' I'll rectify this without loss of time. If she has not the tact to discover the man of education and breeding by the qualities he displays in intercourse, she shall be brought to admit them by the demands of his self-respect."

I opened my writing-desk and wrote just two lines—a polite request for a few moments of interview, signed "A. S. Pottinger." I wrote the name in a fine text hand, as though to say, "No more blunders, Madam, this is large as print."

"Take this to your mistress, François," said I to the courier.

"Gone to bed, Sir."

"Gone to bed! why, it's only eight o'clock."

A shrug and a smile were all he replied.

"And Miss Herbert—can I speak to *her?*"

"Fear not, Sir; she went to her room, and told Clementina not to disturb her."

"It is of consequence, however, that I should see her. I want to speak of our arrangements for to-morrow—the hour we are to start—"

"Oh! but we are to stop here over to-morrow—I thought Monsieur knew that," said the fellow, with the insolent grin of a menial at knowing more than his betters.

"Oh, to be sure we are," said I, laughingly, and affecting to have suddenly remembered it. "I forgot all about it, François; you are quite right. Take a glass of wine, François—or take the bottle with you, that's better." And I handed him a flask of Hocheimer of eight florins' price, right glad to get rid of his presence and escape further scrutiny from his prying glances.

How relieved I felt when the fellow closed the door after him, and left me to "blow off the steam" of my indignation all alone! And was I not indignant? Only to fancy this insolent old woman giving her orders without so much as condescending to communicate with me! I am left to learn her whim by a mere accident, or not learn it at all, and exhibit myself ready to depart at the inn door, and then hear, for the first time, that I may unpack again.

This was unquestionably a studied rudeness, and demanded an equally studied reprisal. She means to discredit my station and disparage my influence: how shall I reply to her? A vast variety of expedients offered themselves to my mind: I could go off, leaving a fearful letter behind me—a document that would cut her to the very soul with the sarcastic bitterness of its tone; but could I leave without a reconciliation with Miss Herbert—without the fond hope of our meeting as friends? I meant a great deal more, though I wouldn't trust myself to say so. Besides, were I to go away, there were financial considerations to be entertained. I could not, of course, carry off that crimson bag with its gold and silver contents, and yet it was very hard to tear myself from such a treasure.

I say it under conviction, for I have never been rich, and, consequently, never in the position to assert it positively, but I declare my firm conviction to be that no man has ever tasted the unbounded pleasure of a careless liberality on a journey who has not traveled at some other person's expense. Be as wealthy as you like, let your portmanteau be stuffed full of circular notes, and there will still be present at moments of payment the thought, "If I do not suffer myself to be cheated here, I shall have so much the more to squander there." But, drawing from the bag of another, no such mean reflection obtrudes. You might as well defraud your lungs of a long inspiration out of the fear of taking more than your share of the atmosphere. There is enough, and will be enough there when you are dust and ashes.

In fact, if I had on one side the "three courses" of the great statesman, I had on the other full thirty reasons against each, and, therefore, I resolved to suspend action and do nothing. And let me here passingly remark that, much as we hear every day about the merits of promptitude and quick-wittedness, in nine cases out of ten in life, I'd rather "give the move than take it." The waiting policy is a rare one; it is the secret of success in love, and of victory in an equity court. And so I determined I'd wait and see what should come of it. I appealed to myself thus: "Potts, you are eminently a man of the world, one who accepts life as it is, with all its crosses and untoward incidents; who knows well that he must play bad cards even oftener than good ones. No impatience, therefore, no rashness; give at least twenty-four hours' thought to any important decision, and let a night's sleep intervene between your first conception of a plan and its adoption." Oh, if the people who are fretting themselves about what is to happen this day ten years, would only remember what a long time it is—that is, counting by the number of events that will occur between this and to-morrow what incidents are occurring at the antipodes that will yet bring joy or sorrow to their hearts—they would keep more of their sympathies for present use, and perhaps be the happier for the doing it.

## THE ICEBERG.

"You've been a whaler, Ben?"

"Ay, Sir, I have; many long years ago, tho'."

"Now, what do you think of as the most perilous of your enterprises?"

"D'you mean what I think most difficult—wonderful-like?"

I nodded.

"Well, Sir, I've been pitched out of a boat many a time; once, I recollect, that I was pitched out and got a touch with his tail as well. Lord bless you! it gave me a headache for a month, to say nothing of the ducking."

"Ever seen any ice?"

"I should say I had. There's a note-book in that corner drawer—no; that one under the further end—that's got something about ice in it. Ay! that's it, pictures and all. Why I drawed these five-and-twenty year ago. Hardly seems like it, tho'. It's a rum story, it is—sort of Robinson Crusoe like. You've read that?"

"A good many times. Did you ever know any body who hadn't?"

"I never knew a youngster that hadn't. I believe that book's been the cause of more boys going to sea than any that was ever written."

"Suppose we look over your note-book; I should like to see *your* story."

"Oh! it isn't written so that you could understand it; but I'll look at it, and tell you the story, if you like—but I must begin at the beginning, as they say. You must know I once felt a kind of liking for a girl; call her Esther Thompson—I don't say that's her real name, but that'll do. She didn't care much for me, and I was only second-mate then. I thought it was that, so I tried to get a first-mate's berth as soon as I came home from a short voyage I'd agreed to go to make up my time to the owners. She said she'd wait and not marry any one till I came back. With that I went off. When I came home I went there and she was gone they didn't know where. I soon learned that, about a month after I left, there had been a handsome sailor-fellow after her, and she seemed took with him rather much. I'd been gone about eight months. I talked to mother about it, and after a little I found that she thought Esther was not fairly done by by this chap, Montague Fitzjames, as he called himself. In short, she was ruined, and had run away. I went nearly mad at this, and set out to find her, and after about three months I found her at Manchester. I didn't go into her place at first, but asked some questions about her in the neighborhood, and found she'd got a child—a boy—and was working at shirt-making for a living, and was quite a decent woman. I knew she'd have died rather than be what some would have turned to in her case. So I went up and saw her. She was dreadfully thin, and her eyes bright and far back in her head. The baby was lying in a cradle by the fire—such a little bit it hardly kept the room warm.

"'Esther,' says I, 'do you know me?'

"She looked up and saw me.

"'Ben!' says she, and then fainted off dead in her chair.

"I took some water out of the basin, and sprinkled her face a bit, undid the top hooks of her gown, and took off her bit of velvet round the neck. She came to, and broke out:

"'Oh! Ben, Ben! I've done wrong, I know it, but I've suffered the punishment. I've not seen him now for four months, come Wednesday, and the child's a month old to-morrow. Oh, Ben! I know I've done wrong! You must forgive me; he was such a handsome man and so fond of me. I know he didn't mean to wrong me.'

"It was a queer notion of hers that I should forgive her 'cause he was such a handsome chap. *I* was rather, till the small-pox spoilt my phiz. I says to her:

"'Esther, you've done wrong, I know, but it's not for me to punish you. God has begun that, and there ain't wanting them as will be willing enough to help Him punish a woman, if they ain't willing to help him any other way. I'm sorry for you, Esther. I'm not going to blame you; I want you to go home again.'

"'No, no, Ben! I can't do that. Why, all the girls of the place will mock me.'

"Says I, 'I can't help it, Esther; but think of the old man and the old woman at home. I came home three months ago, and have been looking for you ever since. I saw them not two weeks back, and, if you'd have heard him ask if I'd found you, you'd go back.'

"'I can't—they'll curse me! I know they will. I can't go back. Father was so looked up to like among them all. No, Ben! I can't go back.'

"'Esther, they won't curse you, I know. I found 'em just mad when I went to them first; but I went to the new curate, who was just come to the place instead of old Jenkins, and told him about it, and he came down to see them, and read them that chapter about the prodigal son and about the lost sheep, and talked to 'em, and old mother cried—I saw him wipe his eyes, too—so they won't curse you. Come, Esther, go back with me—do now.'

"'Back with you, Ben? No, not that. Why, they'd speak against me, Ben—say I, was soon suited again.'

"'Go back, then, anyhow, will you? I tell you if you don't you'll kill the old folks.'

"She began to hesitate at this; so I left her to herself a bit, for I know enough of woman-kind to know that when they hesitate it's best to let 'em alone—let 'em seem to choose of themselves.

"Well, she agreed to go at last: then came another difficulty; she was a fortnight behind in rent. I told her I would *lend* her some money. I knew she would not take it as a gift; so I made her sign a paper for £1, and she paid, and the next day we came home. I took her to the old folks, and then left them all together. I was not one of the family, you know. After a day or two I went down, and then they were all gratitude to me. I took it all as matter-of-fact as possible, though I could have blubbered my eyes out. Then came another hitch: they had inquired, and no one would employ her. I hadn't thought of this, but I didn't say any thing about it then; but when I left I went to the curate again. I don't know what made me take a fancy to him, for I was not a regular pious man, never could see it that way as some people do; I suppose we ain't made all alike; but one day I saw him pick up a child that had tumbled down in the road just outside the village; pull out his white handkerchief and wipe the mud off its knees and hands, then find a clean place to wipe its eyes with, give it a penny, I suppose, and then walk a little way with it back, holding his hand. I didn't know then he was the curate, for his clothes were not black, but a sort of reddish gray; no white choker either, but just a sailor's knot and the ends flying. Well, thinks I, when I heard who it was, that beats me—his white handkerchief too—he's the sort of Christian I like, so I went to hear him at church, and I liked him there too. Well, as I was saying, I went to him next day about eleven o'clock; he asked me in, and his wife was sitting there. She was a little gray-eyed woman, very pale and thin, more like a little girl than a woman, till you noticed her.

"'Alice, dear, this is Mr. Stevens, that I told you about.'

"'I remember; I hope you found her, Mr. Stevens.'

"'Yes, ma'am, I have—I've come about her.'

"'Sit down, Ben,' says he. I do like a fellow who calls you by your Christian name—seems more friendly than Mr. So I sat down. 'Now, what can we do for you, eh?'

"I told him that nobody would employ her here, as she'd lost her character, and that her father and mother could not keep her, though she might live with them. So I asked him if he'd mind paying her to make shirts for a man in Liverpool I knew? He'd pay six-pence each for the making of the shirts, and I'd leave her my half-pay—for I made up my mind to go a long voyage—if he'd make it out so that it should seem as if she was earning more for the shirts than the six-pence; for I knew she'd never take the money of me. Well, he agreed to do it. 'For,' says I, 'I think we are all of us too much down on a woman when she goes wrong. What would it be,' says I, 'if people were to serve us men in the same way? A good many of us would have to beg.'

"'Ben,' says he, 'you're right there!' starting from his chair quite excited like; 'you're right, man!' And he groaned as if he was in pain.

"'My dear Walter,' said his wife, and she put her hand on his shoulder. He sat down, trembling like.

"'I meant no offense,' says I. 'None, Sir. I—'

"'No, Ben, I know it; but a random-shot tells sometimes.'

"I noticed that she'd let her hand slide down from his shoulder, and had caught hold of his hand with both hers. She was sitting just a little behind him, as he sat back in the easy-chair. She thought I could not see in the shadow of the chair, but I could see, and she was holding his hand as hard as she could.

"'No, Ben,' says he; 'but we're none of us better than we should be, and ought therefore to be less harsh than we are. I've no reason to complain though, thank God.' He turned and looked back at her.

"I never saw such a change come over a woman's face before. She opened her gray eyes and looked at him in a way that put me in mind of a flash of sheet lightning in the twilight in summer—when it's not quite dark, you know—and the light of it makes it seem as though day was come back again. I never saw such a look; it said as plain as words she knew all, and forgave him, and loved him enough to die for him. It did me good, did that look; and when I've been inclined to joke about women being censorious and fault-finding, I've thought of it. I think she must have had what some women would call 'good cause' to find fault from the way he spoke, but she didn't. So they agreed to give Esther my half-pay so that she should think it came from the shirts.

"I went down to Esther just before I left to say 'Good-by,' and tell her about the work.

"'Esther,' says I, 'I'm going a long voyage—perhaps four years—whaling. You know I went two or three voyages before. Now don't leave the old folks again, there's a good girl. You'll never find that—'

"I was going to say 'fellow,' but I didn't; for you can't do yourself more harm in a woman's eyes than to call her lover names.

"'You'll never find Fitzjames, unless he comes back here, I know; so don't leave them.'

"'Ben,' says she, and the tears were in her eyes, 'you've been a friend to me. I'll never forget it. I know he'll come back—I'm sure of it; and if he don't, I'll never marry another man. He never meant to do me a wrong like this, I know. He got into mischief through drink. He never meant me to come to this, I know.'

"'God bless you, Esther! Good-by!'

"She came up to me, put her arms round my neck, and kissed me.

"'Ben,' says she, 'you always seem like a brother to me—always did—and that's why I kiss you. You've been a good brother to me; I wish you'd never have tried to be more.'

"'Good-by, Esther!' And I kissed her for the first time in my life."

My friend, Ben Stevens, has a cough which obliges him to use his handkerchief now and then. The red and yellow bandana was in vigorous action for a few seconds now.

"So I determined to go on a whaling voyage, as that was the hardest life I knew; and hard work keeps a man from thinking of himself and his feelings. Taking in the foresail with a northeast gale blowing don't leave a fellow much time to look inside himself; neither does harpooning, when you like to do it like a man.

"Well, I went, you see, to Aberdeen, and shipped for mate in the *Belle of Aberdeen*, Captain Macaulay. We left in March, and reached Cape Farewell about the middle of April; but as the wind fell dead as we left the harbor, we got into the Spitzbergen drift, and were carried with it as far as 66° north; then we met with a regular northerly breeze that chilled you through to sniff it.

"Of course it froze us up, being early in the season; and there we were till nearly the end of May, the wind north the whole time.

"One morning, after breakfast, the Captain says to me:

"'Mr. Stevens, there's a little west in the wind this morning. It may go round south; so that we can get out of this, perhaps, if the ice breaks up with it.'

"'I was in the nest this morning,' said Cummins, our second mate, 'and it seemed to me that that shore-lane reached open water.'

"'Might be worth while to cut a bit to get into it, in case this don't get southerly,' said the Captain.

"'Might be worth while to track it and see. We could get some game, perhaps, if we didn't find what we want about the lane,' says I.

"'That's true,' says the Captain. 'We'll see how the wind is in an hour, and then get up a party to go.'

"The wind shifted a little to the north'ard, so we got up the party; the Captain, of course, couldn't leave the ship, so I was one, and he told me to take my pick of the men.

"I chose a fellow, I think," said Ben, reflectively, "the handsomest chap I ever set eyes on. His eyes seemed to dance when he smiled; and a jollier, more good-natured fellow I never knew. Lord! what songs he used to sing—any thing—comic or love-songs! Why, to hear him sing 'My Pretty Jane,' in the forecastle of a night, was a regular treat! I've heard many a one at the singing-gaffs at Liverpool that couldn't come near him. And dance! I never saw a fellow so smart on his legs. He used to do the Lancashire clog-dance in an old pair of cut-down sea-boots, and you'd hear the clatter in the ice-hills like the muskets at a review. I quite loved the fellow. He did his work so easy—wanted no telling—saw your drift in a minute; and I don't think he missed the weather-earing once the whole voyage. Jack Sands, he called himself.

"There was another I took with me—'Sleepy Sam,' they called him. I've known him to go fast asleep on the look-out, and the ship pitching no small way neither.

"We took a bag with some grub, and our pannikins, in case we should have to spend the night out.

"It was not so mighty cold as you'd think in the daytime, for we were only just inside the winter ice-line, and with a south wind that would shift to the north'ard past us.

"Just as we were going over the side, a lad we had on board wanted to go with us. He was the owner's son, and had been sent aboard to cure him of a desire to go to sea. There's as many gets the desire for life that way as gets cured. Captain said he couldn't go; but he begged so hard that I asked leave for him, and said I'd take care of him; so he came with us three.

"We traced the lane till night, and then got under the cliff, lit a bit of fire with the drift-wood, pulled out the coffee and biscuits; and so did pretty well. We laid down round the fire, one keeping watch. I found it precious cold with only the blanket and my pea-jacket; and I was obliged to hug up the youngster—he felt so bad. I don't know but what both were warmer for it. In the morning we had some more coffee and some pork. It got light enough about eight bells to go on; and when we got into the wind it was dead south, and felt as warm as summer. We got on, and had some dinner, and started again; we could see the water sky ahead, so pushed on. The lane was open nearly all the way; here and there we should have to cut a bit, but not much.

"About two o'clock we sighted the water itself. There was a good deal of surface-drift to the edge of the pack, but the thaw was going on fast; right ahead there was a biggish berg; so we left Sleepy Sam at the bottom, and climbed up—I, and Sands, and the boy.

"'Can't get back to-night if we try for it,' said

Sands. 'Anyhow we'd best stop and make a long day of it to-morrow.'

"I thought this was a good plan; so we went down again, expecting to find Sam.

"He was gone—clean gone! not a trace of him any where. We shouted and fired our guns, but could hear nothing in return.

"'Must stay now,' said the boy; 'it's getting dark, and we sha'n't do any good stumbling over the hummocks to-night.'

"So we staid.

"'Best get up on the berg again,' said Sands. 'He'll stand more chance of seeing us, and we him.'

"We got a few sticks and lit a fire again; and I said I'd watch for the first spell. Sands and the youngster lay down, and I watched.

"I never rightly knew how it was, but I was waked up by falling right on my face. I crawled up, and found that the berg was adrift from the pack, and had risen at least ten feet higher, and all on one side.

"Sands and the boy woke up as soon as I did, and says Sands,

"'She's adrift, Stevens!'

"He looked awful pale, he did; for we could see it was just morning. True enough, she was adrift, and knocking about in the small ice in a way that made us hold on fast to any thing to keep our feet.

"She kept slowly drifting to the east'ard along the edge of the pack, breaking it up as she went; so that there was no chance of our getting off it on to the main fast ice to reach the ship.

"About an hour or two after she started the youngster says to me,

"'Mr. Stevens—'

"'Drop the "Mr.,"' says I; 'it don't sound natural.'

"'Well, Stevens, then; there's Sam!'

"True enough, there he was, running along the edge of the pack like a race-horse; but he soon stopped. We signaled him that it was no use, and motioned him to go back to the ship for help, though there was small chance of his finding his way there in time to do us any good.

"So he went back; and it made us feel queer, I can tell you, to see his back get smaller and smaller, till he was nothing but a little black mark the size of your finger on the ice; and then, worst of all, he went over a hummock that quite hid him.

"All this while, till nightfall, we were drifting to the east'ard; whether it was the current or the wind I can't tell, but away we went, jerking and shaking now and then fit to shake us off.

"'Cheer up!' says I to the youngster; 'there's many a man been adrift before. It'll make something to tell the governor when you get home.'

"'How are we to get home?' says he, quite mournful-like, almost crying; that 'home' of his didn't sound common-like when he said it.

"'Oh!' says Sands, 'all right. Make ourselves jolly till we're taken off it. She'll lodge down against a bit there—look, Stevens!'

"He pointed out a bit of a bay, with a long piece of floe fast to the main, right athwart our bows as she was then going.

"'We'd best get down there,' says I, 'so as to be ready.'

"So we got down on the nearest point, as we thought, ready. She squeezed up the small ice as she neared it; so that we were obliged to get up higher.

"But we could have reached the floe, and got to the ship, when the youngster slipped down, and called out:

"'Stevens,' says he, 'I'm gone!'

"And, sure enough, he would have gone slap down into the open water if his gun hadn't stuck in a crack.

"He was so badly bruised—for he'd slipped over a dozen blocks—that he couldn't walk.

"'What's to be done now?'

"'Done! says Sands, quite savage. 'Why the devil didn't you keep your feet, you young fool?' and he picked him up, and we might almost have done it, when I sung out,

"'Hold hard, Sands! she's adrift again!'

"She was, too; the floe piece had parted from the main, and was going on before us; and it swung us round right into the stream again.

"'There now,' says he, 'that's your damned clumsiness has done that job; we should have done it if it hadn't been for you, and I could do it now if I was by myself.'

"And I think he could, for the end of the piece was still touching the pack about a quarter of a mile off.

"'Well,' says I, 'it's no use growling; he didn't mean to fall, I suppose.'

"'Cause, you see, I never could see the good of blaming a fellow when he'd got to suffer for himself.

"'All right!' says Sands, 'I was a little out, but it's all over. Let's make ourselves comfortable for the night—it's no use grumbling, Stevens, as you say.'

"So we got the grub and ate it. Of course we had no fire, and felt precious cold as the wind fell. We all went to sleep, and in the morning I woke first.

"'Sands,' says I, 'here's a go.'

"'We've got in the north current,' says he.

"So we had. There was not a bit of ice within a hundred yards of us; we could just see the blink in the distance.

"'No getting back to the ship now, Sands.'

"'No,' says he; 'ship must come to us—we're in for it—it's infernally cold, tho'; let's get round to the wind'ard.'

"We took the youngster's arm, for he could walk a little now, and got round to wind'ard. Here it was better—not quite so cold. We had breakfast; no fire again tho', and sucking a bit of ice is a poor make-up for a cup of hot coffee, let alone the flavor, even.

"'Now,' says I, 'look here, boys; we're likely to be here a goodish bit, we may as well see what we've got.'"

Here Ben took the note-book from the table, and turned over the pages, muttering "Lost fore-top-sail sheet-block," "Monk sprained his ankle," "spoke the *Mary Anne*," "ice seen," "left ship," "adrift," "Oh! here, that's it."

"You see," said Ben, addressing me, "I always had to keep the log, and I used to keep a log of my own at the same time, till at last it got such a way with me that I felt as if I hadn't done my duty if there was no log kept—got to be a regular thing with me. Lord, Sir! there's in that bottom cupboard the logs—'diaries' is printed on the back: I call 'em logs—of all I've done since I left the sea. I do it every day after tea, and can't quite be happy without it. I heard the minister say some poetry about that kind of thing—

'Use doth breed a habit in a man,'

I think it was.

"Now this here, as I said, is the log of my voyage in 'the floating island,' as I called it in joke once to the missus. She said it was so good a name that it's always been called so since."

"Well," said I, "what had you got when you came to count up?"

"Three guns—one was rifled—that was the boy's—fine handsome stock it had, too, very light, tho'; but, Lord! they let these only sons have any thing. Two hatchets—short handles—the boy hadn't got one. Then there was three blankets and our clothes we'd got on. There was in the three bags about twelve pounds of fat pork, cooked, and about the same of biscuit. Sands had some tea, but Sleepy Sam had got all the coffee in his bag, so we'd none with us. I'd got a bit of lanyard in my jacket pocket. One large fishhook—that was the queerest thing. Sands says to the boy:

"'What's that in the corner of your bag?'

"'Oh! it's a hook to catch shark with. Aunt Nelly gave it me.'

"Sure enough it was a big barbed hook with a cork on the end—he was a careful boy that—and a bit of chain to it, about two feet.

"'And what did you bring it here for?' says I. 'Expect to catch sharks?'

"Lord! how Sands laughed.

"'No,' says the boy; 'only the Captain said you'd most likely shoot some seals, so I thought that would stick into them to drag them along over the ice.'

"It wasn't such a bad notion, you see; so Sands gave over laughing. I think that was about all we'd got with us, and a poor look out it was, too. There was food enough, on short allowance, to last us about five days. By that time, we thought, if we had got into what they call the Arctic cold-current, we should get down to about 61° or so, and fall in with some whalers. So we made up our minds to it, and set about getting a little to rights. The first point was to get warm, because the cold is not only unpleasant, but makes you eat more, if you've got it, and want more if you haven't.

"The wind still kept south, and soon we could see nothing but our own bit of ice all round. When we got to wind'ard it felt warm, so we took all the things round to wind'ard, and cut a hole in the ice to put them in, with a small gutter leading from it so as to keep 'em from the wet. Then we cut a sort of platform level to stand on, but it was dreadfully sloppy; the ice was melting as fast as it could—running down in streams from the top, as the sun shone on it, and making the air quite damp.

"Next morning we resolved on a search of 'the island,' as we called it. Sands and I, with the two guns, went; the boy staid on the platform to look out."

"How large was it, Stevens, altogether?"

"I should say about three times as big as a thousand-ton vessel—of course, of a different shape. Here's the sketch I made of it [see above]; it's as near as I could remember. You see there were two peaks and a bit of floe at the bottom. It wasn't so big, by a long chalk, as some I've seen, you know.

"Let's see—where was I? Oh, I know. Sands and I went down to the floe-piece, and says I to Sands, 'That'll break off soon; it can't stand the wash;' for it was only about six feet through, quite new ice. So we went round the base of the pyramid, keeping as close in as possible, and holding on every step, for it was sloppy and slippy as possible.

"'Hist!' says Sands; 'listen.'

"I listened, and heard something different to the plash of the waves—more splash and splutter-like.

"'Seals,' says Sands.

"And it was, too—three fine ones; they'd been regularly trapped like us. Their holes were up six or eight feet above them; they'd come through the holes and lay on the edges before the bit broke off the main pack and canted; so they slid down till they stopped where the berg began, in a place like the angle of the letter V. They stared at us, and we stared at them; but we soon gave over that; for we knocked 'em on the head.

"But the job was, what to do with them; so Sands and I went back, and got the boy's hook; and with the bit of cord I'd got, we got 'em all three on the platform where the boy was.

"It got dark by this time, and we put off skinning them and cutting them up till next day.

"Next day we cut 'em up and skinned 'em.

"'I say, Stevens,' says the youngster, 'can't you make some shoes out of the skin with the hair

downward on the soles; they'd have a better hold on the ice—and you can cut them into strips crossways, like this—see?' And he scratched on the ice with his knife like this.

"We made them to go over the boot, and soon found we could walk about as easily again. The flesh we put in our 'ice-chest,' as Sands called it, for he laughed at every thing now the boy was well.

"We made some oil, too, tho' it was a tedious job, for we'd only got three pannikins; however,

"SHE WAS DREADFULLY THIN, AND HER EYES BRIGHT AND FAR BACK IN HER HEAD."

we turned one into a lamp with some shreds of the cotton shirt Sands had. Of course we could get a light with our gun-flints and damp powder; and then boiled it down half a pint at a time, and made a hole in the ice to keep it in; for if the water melted, it only went to the bottom of the hole and settled, while the oil floated.

"Five days went on, and the biscuit was all gone; so was the pork. We had nothing but the seal beef, but there was enough of that to last a month.

"That same evening, I says to Sands and the boy, 'Look here, now; suppose any thing passes at night, we can't see it, and they can't see us. Suppose we take watch and watch to look out; for there's no knowing how long this game's to last.'

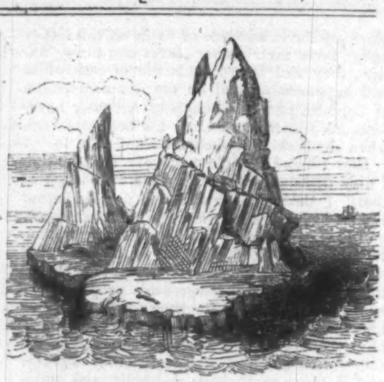
"'Won't last long,' says Sands, 'if it keeps this breeze from the south'ard; it's melting fast day and night, and there'll be nothing left in a week or two, when we get down into the sun; not much fear of crossing the line in this ship. I've left many a ship,' says he, 'but I never had a ship leave me like this seems to be going to.'

"He was right enough; the whole thing would melt before we could get off it. It kept rising out of the water more and more; for the air was warmer than the water a good deal, and it melted it fast.

"'Look here, Stevens; suppose any thing does see us, they'll give us as wide a berth as possible; you can't make 'em hear a mile off, you know.'

"'No,' said I, 'but we can make 'em see three miles off.'

"So we set to work, and made three lamps out of the skulls of the seals, and very good lamps they made too; a bit of old shirt made the wick, and then we had to cut a track to each lamp. We put them as near as we could guess to the four points of the compass, and lighted them next night; it was a pretty sight to see the reflection in the water; the ice being white showed the light beautifully. The oil lasted about six hours in each, for we didn't have a big wick. The pannikin lamp we kept where we slept, and then had to go round to the others to see them all safe. We kept the wind off with blocks of ice.



"One night, it must have been on the 12th out, the boy was on the look out, and came to me; 'Stevens,' says he, 'I see a sail, I think.' I didn't call out, 'cause of waking Sands, he seemed getting dull-like. I started up, and looked where he pointed, and, sure enough, there she was, about half a mile to wind'ard; the wind had shifted a little to the east. I shouted and waked Sands. Poor fellow! he was nearly mad, screaming and shouting frightfully.

"'I tell you what it is, Sands,' says I. 'You're doing yourself no good by this—we must make 'em see us if we're to do any good. Get some more of that shirt of yours for a bigger wick to this, and then go round to fetch the other lamps.'

"He got a bit of the shirt and we got the lamps together; it must have made 'em see I should have thought, but they didn't seem to; and after about half an hour they steered away from us.

"You see it was about the last thing to think of that any one should be on an iceberg so far south as we were, and a berg's a thing to steer clear of if you can.

"It gave us all a queer feeling when we lost sight of her. The boy and Sands cried. I saw it was no use being down-hearted about it, though I'm afraid I cursed the skipper of that vessel pretty much; so I made 'em take the lamps back to their places, and took the rest of the boy's watch myself.

"Poor youngster—he cried himself to sleep. You see we'd had twelve days of it, and not a dry rag on us since the first day. Our skins were quite sore and covered all over with little pimples; and round the waist and neck, where the clothes rubbed, there were quite sores. You try a poultice any where for twelve days, and see what it'll do for you. Poor Sands—he was worse than either of us.

"So we went on, day after day—plenty of food—seal beef.

"Some days we saw ships, some days none. It was weary work, but I kept 'em up to it: there's nothing like regular work to keep you from brooding over unpleasantness—nothing. Sometimes we got a shot at some birds, but more than half fell in the water.

"On the eighteenth day we were nearly thrown down by the breaking off of the small pointed piece you see in the sketch.

"It broke off and splashed into the water with an awful noise, and almost sunk, and then came up again, and shook us to pieces as it rubbed against our piece. Next day it separated and got farther off, and on the second day it was hull down, and we lost it at night.

"That was the twenty-first day, and the sun was hot—not warm, but hot. We got a few dry clothes by stretching them out to wind'ard on the ramrods, but they got sopped again at night.

"Sands gave up on this night—he couldn't take his watch, he was so bad. We must have got into warmer water, too, for instead of rising out of the water it began to sink—more one side than the other, too, so that the tracks were getting too slippy to be safe. Another thing I noticed was, that the whole affair turned round sometimes with the sun, sometimes the other way, and then again was quite still for a day at a time.

"On the twenty-fourth day—the boy was gone to light the lamps. Sands says to me, 'How long will he be gone?'

"'A half an hour,' says I.

"'Stevens,' says he.

"I told him to say Ben.

"'Ben, then,' says he, 'I'm not going to last much longer. I feel it here, somehow—sort of warning.'

"He did look awful bad, but I told him to cheer up; we might get taken off any time, for we were just in the track now.

"'No, no,' says he, 'it's all over with me, I feel it here;' and he put his hand on his breast. Lord, what a hand it was to what I first knew it! Thin and lean, and the bones making the skin look shiny over them. Soft, too, as a woman's!

"'There's a thing I want you to do, Ben, if you get off this at all.'

"I told him I'd do any thing for him I could.

"'Now listen, Ben,' says he, 'for I ain't got much wind left.'

"'The voyage before last I came home with a lot of money, and made up my mind for a spree; so I went ashore and got a flashy suit of clothes. Well, I didn't like the name of Sands, so I took another, and had a regular game. I'm very sorry now; but you see, when a fellow's been three years among the coolies it seems as though he ought to have a little freedom when he gets among white people again. Well, I went down to the sea-side to a village I knew, and there I saw a girl at church. She seemed took with me, so I struck up an acquaintance with her for a lark. She took it quite serious, and was regularly in love with me, and I got at last to be in love with her. Well, I didn't mean no harm to the girl, I meant to marry her. I did, as true as God,' says he. 'Well, we went wrong, and one night she said I had been cruel to her—and got cross—and then told me we

must be found out soon. I was savage at that and at her being cross—poor girl, she'd cause to be. So I said I'd never see her again, and went off in a huff.

"'I meant to come back, I did, Ben. I swear it. Instead of that, I met a messmate of mine, and he got me drunk, and shipped me on a West India trader, and when I came to myself I was too far from shore to get back, so I sulked, and shirked duty. The Captain says to me:

"'My man, it's no use—you're here, and you'll be paid. You can't get back any quicker than with me; so do your work like a man, and we shall be back in a couple of months or so, at least.'

"'So I did my work. When we got to Kingston I took the fever, and was in the hospital near two months, and he left me there, paying me for the voyage out; and then I came home and heard that she'd gone away, nobody knew where.

"'Well, I set to work to find her, and tried all ways till the money was gone, and then had to ship in the *Belle of Aberdeen*, for I'm pretty good at whaling, and knew I could get money; and I wished to go back and find her, and get married to her.'

"Here he was took with spasms, so bad that I brought out my case-bottle of brandy and gave him a little. I'd just put in the cork, when the boy came running to me and fell down all of a heap close by me.

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"He opened his mouth once or twice, and at last got out:

"'A sail! It's close by—I can see 'em on the deck,' and he fainted right dead off.

"I told Sands.

"'A sail!' says he, and tried to get up. Lord! he'd no more strength than a baby, and fell down directly, looking as dead as could be. I wanted to know more about him, so I gave him some more brandy, and asked him the girl's name.

"'The sail,' says the boy, for he'd come to, and would say nothing else. 'Oh, the sail!'

"'What's her name?' says I to Sands. He stared at me as if he didn't hear.

"'The sail!' screamed the boy; 'you'll miss it, and we shall die.'

"I gave him some more brandy, and asked him again as loud as I could:

"'What's her name? What's the girl's name?'

"'Esther Th——,' and he couldn't finish.

"I gave him all that was left now, and asked him again.

"'Esther Thompson,' says he.

"Esther Thompson! Then this was Fitzjames. This chap, Sir, that I'd loved as if he'd been my brother, and loved him still—by G—d, Sir!" said Ben, striking the table with his fist, "this chap was my greatest enemy—had been the seducer of Esther—and yet I couldn't hate him.

"The boy kept screaming, 'Sail! Sail!' and I was half mad.

"'Ben,' says he, 'do you know her?'

"'Know her! She's all that's dear to me, you d—d villain.'

"'No, no,' says he, quite strong again, 'not villain. I meant no harm to the girl. I meant—I swear I did—to marry her, and nobody would have known any thing about it, if it hadn't been for that drink, Ben;' and all the while the boy kept crying, 'Sail! Sail!'

"'If you ever see her again, tell her that I didn't mean to be a villain. I didn't mean to wrong her. Promise me that.'

"I saw he was going fast, and I promised him I'd tell her.

"'One more thing,' says he. 'Ben, here's something sown in my flannel—cut it out.'

"I cut it out—it was half a six-pence, all crooked and bent.

"'She gave me that,' says he, looking at it as fond as if it was her, and kissing it. 'Give it her back, and tell her I meant to marry her.'

"'I will,' says I, 'Sands, I will; and may God forgive you, as I do!'

"The boy kept on screaming; so, seeing Sands quiet, I went round to the other side to look at the sail. I was too late; she was out of all chance of making her hear or see.

"When I came back Sands was gone: the bit of the six-pence was in his hand; I took it out, and took care of it, and then went to the boy. He was almost as dead as Sands. It was an awful sight to see them both lying so still—Sands quite dead, and the boy so near it that you could hardly bel'eve he wasn't. Not a drop of brandy either—Sands had it all.

"I don't know how it was, but I never could feel to dislike him—not when I knew all about it; and I don't believe, now, he meant to act the villain, and leave her. As he said, if it hadn't been for the drink, he might have been alive and happy now. It's a bad thing for a man not to be able to regulate his drink; causes him lots of misfortunes. Chaps like him ought to leave it off altogether; still it's a hard thing to see fellows jolly, and not join; makes a fellow feel like a wet blanket to his mates—they're so jolly and merry, and he drinking his lemonade or water. It's rather hard, I should think.

"The boy, he kept on saying, 'A sail! A sail!' He was gone cranky, you see—didn't know where he was, and weak as an infant—couldn't eat; so I was obliged to boil the seal-beef, and give him the gravy by spoonfuls. Just like a child he was, and, when he hadn't got the spoon to his lips, kept saying, 'A sail! A sail!' as if he hadn't said it five hundred times before.

"It was hard work, for I was getting weak, and so sore round the waist, ankles, and neck, I could hardly bear to move; and you see I couldn't let Sands lie there right in the boy's sight, so I took him round to the other side. It took me about three hours to get him there. I might have thrown him off altogether, but I didn't want any suspicion of foul-play, and there might have been if he'd been missing when we were found.

"This I carried on for some five days or so—eating and feeding the boy was all I could do.

"I let the lamps alone, for I was too bad to get to trim them, and lay all day in a sort of stupid fit, half-asleep, half not.

"It kept getting hotter over head all the time, and it was enough to frighten one to see how the ice melted, pouring down in streams like a waterfall all day and all night. I could almost tell the time of day by the sound of the falling water. Mid-day it was a regular roar, and then about three or four o'clock in the morning it was almost still. You could almost see it melt. Two or three days after this the boy still kept muttering, 'A sail!—a sail!' I began to get dizzy and queer like—couldn't see now and then. I thought it would soon be all up with me.

"At last I seemed to grow blind—couldn't open my eyes nor move at all. Still I could tell it was getting toward evening, for the sound of the fall was less; but I couldn't move to give the boy any thing nor to get any thing myself; indeed I didn't seem to care about it, nor about him neither, for that matter.

"I wasn't in pain—rather the other; very pleasant sort of feeling, for I was lying on Sands's coat and my own. Then I fell asleep.

"I didn't know any more till I came to, as the women call it.

"I was in a bunk of a small bark, I could tell that by the short pitch she made. Long ships always pitch slower. I heard somebody say: 'He's all right, doctor.'

"So I was in a little while—sat up and asked for food. Lord bless you, Sir, how good it was; I never tasted any thing half as sweet as that beef-tea the doctor gave me. Nice!—I can't tell how nice it was. You see I'd been getting up an appetite for it. Whether I should like to go to the same school again to learn how nice beef-tea could be, I don't know—rather think not.

"In a few days I was well—rather thin and pale, I think, to what I am now—and then I asked them how they found me.

"I FELT AS IF I WAS OUT OF MY MIND WHEN I FOUND ESTHER'S HANDS GROW COLD."

"'Mate 'll tell you,' says the Captain, 'give you his log, you can copy it if you like.'

"I did, and here it is, a fair copy—it looks nice, you see, by the side of these others, cause they were written when the paper was soaked with water, and my fingers were numbed with cold, and written with pencil, too. This I wrote in the Captain's cabin with a pen. I kept it in the same book, tho' the paper was bad, so as to have it all together."

I took the book, and, with Mr. Stevens's permission, copied the log again:

"Barque 'Esmeralda,' *June* 21.—Wind S.W. S.—rather heavy; got sun long. 42° 10′, lat. 44° 15′. Wind steady—twelve o'clock—sighted a sail three points starboard bow—couldn't see name—carpenter finished new spanker-boom—opened hatches, took up 3 casks beef and 1 bottle porter. About two o'clock sighted an iceberg right a-head—passenger wanted to see it nearer—Captain ordered to steer accordingly. About four could make out shape. Mr. Burton said he could see two black and white birds on it with the glass—was quite sure; half past four saw that they were a man and a boy—lowered quarter-boat starboard, and went to fetch them off; they lay on a shelf about six feet out of the water—some difficulty to get at them—sent up three men and lowered them into the boat. They seemed dead—went round and found another man—lowered him into the boat—took off three seal-skulls with black wicks in them; been used as lamps; clothing, and also three guns. Brought all aboard. Doctor said one man—the one found alone—was quite dead; the others not dead. Had baths in the Captain's cabin. Boy came to and said, 'A sail! a sail!' and kept on saying it: the man seemed nearly dead. After four hours—about half past eight—he came to and said, 'Where's the boy?' Told him he was all right—took in stunsails—wind shifted two points—iceberg hull down at ten—lost sight of it at twelve.

"*June* 22.—Wind S.S.W.—Heavy rain—man better—boy still keeps saying, 'A sail! a sail!' Doctor says he's quite mad—man not allowed to talk—buried the dead man—marks on clothing, 'J. Sands;' clothing good, but much worn and sodden.

"'Esther' marked on the arm in blue points with red capitals. Two flags and a half moon under, with a part of a head on it—may be the picture of half a coin of some kind—no other marks on the body. Doctor read prayers.

"Wind shifted, and blew rather heavy from S.W. Took in the main royal.

"*June* 23.—Man better; boy still muttering when not being fed can't eat yet; man got up at four o'clock and came on deck; said his name was Stevens; that they got on the berg in May from the *Belle of Aberdeen*. Out twenty-nine days when he went off. We found him next day, the 30th out we expect. Doctor says another day would have killed them both. The man, Sands, died the 24th day out, at night."

"There, that's the log," said Ben, "and now I can tell you the rest, for I was well on the fourth day, though not strong—could walk about the deck. The doctor gave me some ointment for my throat and waist, and I was all right in about a week.

"The boy, too, got better, and left off muttering. Doctor read to him, made him work about the ship, and tried all sorts of ways to make him think of something else.

"In another fortnight I said good-by to the *Esmeralda's* people, and started for the north in a steamer, taking the boy with me.

"We saw the owner, and found that the Captain of the *Belle of Aberdeen* had written home, and that they'd given us up for lost. Sleepy Sam reached the ship the day after he left us.

"The owner was so pleased with me that he gave me £500 for taking care of his son. I said I'd only done my duty, but he would have me take it, so at last I did.

"'And,' says he, 'Ben, my boy' (they always call us boys), 'Ben, my boy,' says he, 'if ever you want a friend, you know where to come for one. I should have been a broken-hearted man, Ben, if it hadn't been for you taking care of him. God bless you, Ben! But you must come and see his mother before you go.'

"Well, I went up to the house, and saw a fine, handsomely-dressed old lady. You see they weren't likely to have any more, and that made them all the fonder of the boy.

"'Mr. Stevens, my dear,' says he to her.

"You'd hardly think it, but it's as true as I stand here—the old lady went down on her knees to me and kissed my hand, and cried fit to break her heart.

"'God bless you, Mr. Stevens!' says she; 'God bless you for your kindness to my poor boy. I'll never forget you. You must take this to think of me sometimes. I shall always pray for you!'

"It was a ring. That's it," said Ben, showing me a solid-looking gold ring with a large diamond in it.

"Well, I took it, for I was getting quite uncomfortable at her taking on so; but, Lord bless you, it seemed to do her good to have her cry out, and the owner, he looked on and wiped his eyes now and then. Last of all, I was obliged to say I'd only done my duty by the boy. But she wouldn't listen, but kept saying, 'God bless you!' and crying over my hand, and then she seemed to go off faint, so I got away then. Of course, as soon as I could, I came home.

"I found mother all right. 'How's Esther?' says I, as jaunty as if I didn't care a button about her. Mother looked pretty hard at me.

"'Oh, she's well enough.'

"'Fitzjames come back?' says I.

"'No, he'll never come back—a villain!' says mother. She was always down on him when she had a chance. Of course I knew he'd never come back better than she did.

"I went to see Esther next day. She shook hands and kissed me, said I looked ill, then says, 'Have you got any thing to tell me?' I don't know how it was she asked this—sort of what you call presentiment, or instinct, same as dogs have. Lord, Sir, a woman or a dog can always tell what you mean before you speak—in things about the feelings. Some children, too, have this kind of thing very strong. Perhaps, after all, I looked as if I knew something.

"'Have you seen him?'—'him,' you know, as if there wasn't other hims—and asking me, too, just as if I cared as much about it as she did; but Lord, Sir, they don't think any body's a right to think of any body but their 'him.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I have seen him, Esther.'

"'Where is he? Take me to him!' She looked at me a minute. 'No, Ben,' says she, 'he's dead! I know he is! I see he is! Oh, my God! my own Fitzjames is dead!' And she gripped my hand so hard, and sank back in the chair and shut her eyes.

"After a little she says, 'Ben, tell me all about it. Poor fellow! dead!'

"I told her as much as I could about it; and then I told her about the six-pence.

"'Give it me,' she said; 'give it me, Ben. It's the last thing I gave him before—give it me.'

"I gave it her, and she kissed it quite solemn like, just as tho' it had been his dead forehead.

"Then I told her what he said about his not meaning to leave her.

"'Did he say that?"

"'He did, Esther—he swore it; and I believe it.'

"She looked hard at me for a little, and then said,

"'Thank you, Ben, for that; I'm so glad you believe it. I knew he didn't mean to leave me;' and she got up and called her father, and says,

"'Father, he didn't mean to leave me. Ask Ben here; he said so with his dying breath. He swore it, Ben, didn't he? and Ben believes it himself, don't you, Ben? Tell father, do.'

"I told the old man.

"'Ah,' says he, 'poor fellow! Dead too! He's rightly punished.'

"'But,' says she, 'he told Ben he didn't mean to wrong me—he did;' and she seemed as if she was quite glad. 'I knew he never did.'

"'Don't see,' said the father, 'it makes much difference whether he did or not. He did it, and you've lost your good name—and ours too, for that matter, Esther.'

"'I know it, I know it; but still he told Ben that he didn't mean to leave me. God bless him!' And she fell to kissing the bit of six-pence like mad.

"I saw she was going off into hysterics, so I called her mother, and left; for it's no use a man's fussing about at them times; you can't do any good, and get in the way a good deal.

"Next day she came down to mother's.

"'Ben,' says she, 'here's the pound I owe you; it's the first I've saved out of the shirts. The curate's been very good to me, and so has his wife. She always shakes hands with me; and one day I was crying when she came, for baby was so ill, and she kissed me, Ben, on the forehead, and said, "Poor child!" I feel just like as if she was my mother, Ben, she's been so good to me.'

"I took the pound, and gave her the paper, and I didn't see any more of her for some week or so.

"One day I had a letter from the owner's wife, asking me if she could do any thing for Sands's relations; for the boy, you see, had told her about Sands. So I went down to Esther, and showed her the letter, and asked her what I should say.

"'Did the young gentleman see much of him, Ben?'

"'Of course,' says I, 'was there all the time—took his turn of lighting the lamps when Sands was bad.'

"'Was "Sands" his real name, not Fitzjames?'

"'Yes, Sands.'

"'I should like, Ben, to go and live with the lady, so as to be near this young gentleman who's seen so much of him.'

"You see, she might have lived with *me*, only I couldn't say that, and she didn't seem to think of it.

"'I don't know that she'd like that, either. If you'd been his wife, you see, it would have been different.'

"'But he did mean that I should be, didn't he, Ben?'

"'That's true, but then you're not; but still, I'll write and ask her.'

"'And you'll try and get me to go, Ben?'

"'Esther,' says I, 'I'd lay down my life to serve you any time, and I promised Sands I'd do any thing I could for you, with this hand in both his.'

"She took my hand into both hers, and kissed it hard, but I could see it was 'cause it had touched his. She'd 'a kissed any thing that had touched him, she would; and though she was kissing my hand I couldn't have told her I loved her then, anyhow. I should have choked if I'd tried.

"Well, I wrote and told the lady all about it, and she sent for her and the baby, and called her 'Mrs. Sands.'

"Esther wouldn't give me back the letter with that in it, though it was written for me; but I didn't care so long as she was happy.

"I took her down there, and all the way down she did nothing but cry and talk about Sands. I took her to the owner's house, and she saw the lady and the boy, and I left her there, and went another voyage—not north though, you may guess, I'd had enough of ice for some time. I had money enough to stop ashore, but I never felt quite easy about it, so I settled some of the money upon mother, and the rest upon Esther, without her knowing it, and went off.

"I got a letter from—the owner's son—I suppose I ought to call him now, instead of 'the boy,' seeing he was quite the gentleman in the counting-house now.

"It's here in the pocket of this book."

He took the letter, old, creased, and yellow, from the pocket, handed it me, and with his leave I copied it afterward. It ran thus:

"Glasgow, —— Street, Aug. —, 18—.

"Dr. Ben,—I told you I'd write soon, so I'm now going to fulfill my promise. I'm in the counting-house—got the drudgery to go through. Governor says that no boy's fit for any thing as a clark until he's done the lowest work of the office. You and he think alike: I recollect tarring down that back-stay by your orders now. I don't get much pocket-money, still enough, you know, Ben; and Aunt Nelly has given me a couple of pistols. I can hit a card six times out of ten, at twenty paces.

"I haven't got much more to say. My neck has got all right, except a scar; and there's a scar on the left leg, where I hit it that day I fell on the blocks.

"That puts me in mind of Mrs. Sands. I say, Ben, was she Mrs. Sands, after all? You know what I mean. 'The boy,' as you used to call me, is quite out of mother's good books, and Mrs. Sands's too, because he won't tell for the ten thousandth time the story of being on the ice.

"I've had to tell so many people, I'm sick of it, and mother wants me to tell it over and over again; and as for Mrs. Sands, she's always bothering me to know how he died. I liked Sands well enough, you know, but I didn't see him die, and was stupid after I saw the sail, so I could tell her very little. She's marked in her prayer-book the prayer the doctor read over him when he was buried.

"Every body says you're next door to a fool for going to sea again, but I suppose you know best. Mrs. Sands is, after all, a nice woman, and mother takes to her uncommonly—treats her more like a daughter than a servant, and she's more like one, too. I know many girls that ain't half as ladylike as she is, spite of their silks. I've got my clothes under her, and I haven't had a button off for weeks. I used always to go about with a bit of string or cotton somewhere for a button. I say, Ben, if you were to stick up to her she'd have you, I know. I saw her cry over your last letter, in her room."

"I'd mentioned Sands in it," said Ben, by way of explanation.

"She's only a widow, after all, and any one might be proud of that young Sands, he's such a jolly little chap—strong as possible—we're quite friends. He seems to like me, and Mrs. Sands is never happier than when I'm nursing him. She says I've been near him, and he would have nursed him. She means Sands.

"Good-by, old fellow. Thanks for feeding me with a bone spoon. Mother keeps it in her pocket, I think. If you want a friend, Ben, or money, or any thing, you know where to find your own *boy*. He ain't a boy now, though.

"Your own

"FRED TRELAWNEY."

"I had one or two more letters that voyage, but nothing in them that's about my story. He used to write about himself: boys mostly do, I think. Sometimes he mentioned Esther—not often much about her, just said she was well, sent her love, or something of that kind.

"I was gone about a twelvemonth; and of course when I got back I went to see them at Glasgow.

"The owner's wife, she shook my hand, and Esther kissed me as cool as could be, just as if I'd been her brother, while I could have held her, and never let her go, if I'd not been careful of myself. She was going away from there to take care of the old people at home, so we went together; and all the time she talked of Sands, till I was nigh sick of it; still I didn't show it, because I liked to hear her talk; she'd got a pleasant way with her that made you feel happy, no matter what she said, and you never would have made her see that Sands wasn't the pleasantest subject to talk to me about.

"We got home—I lived with mother, and she with the old folks. I got a berth at a ship-yard, as foreman rigger, and I didn't care to go to sea again.

"I went to see her every day and nursed the youngster; he soon got to know me, and called me 'Pa.' She didn't mind a bit—rather liked it, I think.

"One day, after I'd been at home about six months, mother says to me:

"'Ben, you might as well go and ask Esther to live with you; you spend so much of your time there that people talk about it.'

"'I wish to God,' says I—quite red, I know I was—'that people would mind their own concerns.'

"'Ah, well!' says she, 'they won't, and never will.'

"That evening I went down to Esther, and I said to her:

"'Esther, I can't live like this much longer; Esther, I'm getting ill, and the river looks too pleasant in the moonlight to make me feel safe. I shall do something desperate: I'm not quite my own master at times. Esther, I want you to be my wife.'

"'I couldn't make you happy if I was, Ben—I can never forget poor John.'

"'Esther,' says I, 'if you'll marry me I shall be happier than I am now. I want a companion, and I'm always up here after you, and people talk about it—not men, you know,' says I, 'for I'd soon find a way to stop their mouths.'" (Ben's clenched fist certainly looked at this moment a very effectual remedy for a fast tongue in an unwise head.) "'But it's the women, Esther, and I can't stop them saying what they like. They're so kind always to one of their own sex, too, that's had a misfortune.'

"'So they talk, do they, Ben?'

"'Yes, they do; and it's better, unless I'm to go to sea, or away again, that we should be married.'

"'Ben,' says she, 'it isn't every man that would make that offer to a woman like me with no good name, and a baby.'

"'I do though, Esther.'

"'Well, then, Ben, I will be your wife. I can't give you the same kind of love that poor John had, but I'll do my duty to you as a good wife, and I'm sure you'll be a father to my boy, Ben, dear.'

"She said this as calm as if I'd asked her to take a walk, or any thing else as simple.

"I went down home, and told mother: she seemed glad of it: I suppose she saw it must be anyhow.

"Next night, as I was leaving, Esther put a letter in my hand. 'Read that when you get home,' says she; 'it may alter your mind, Ben, about this.'

"I recollect well the feeling it gave me when I took it.

"When I got home I read it—there it is—leastways that's a copy of it."

I read:

"DEAR BEN,—When I was at Manchester, when little Johnny was born, the doctor told me I should never be a mother again. I don't understand these things, but that's what he said. I couldn't tell you this, because it's not the sort of thing I could talk about to you; but I didn't think it right to marry you without letting you know it.

"Yours very affectionately,

"ESTHER SANDS."

"Now you know it was rather damping to me, 'cause I'm fond of children; it makes you feel good to have the little ones crawling about you, and going to sleep in your arms. Them French women wouldn't be half as bad if they nursed their own babies, to my mind. But still I didn't feel like giving it up, 'cause of that; but I thought it was what many women wouldn't have done in her case, and I thought all the more of her for it.

"Well, we were married by the curate, and his wife came to the wedding and kissed her. There are some good Christian women in the world, and that gray-eyed wife of the curate was one.

"We took this little house near the old people, and there we lived as happy as could be. She did her duty if ever woman did. I never had to speak twice about any thing—the moment I expressed a wish for any thing, she seemed to do her best to get it for me. My way was always best, at least for her, she said; but I don't know how it was, I wasn't quite satisfied. Seemed as if there was something more wanted to make me quite happy. She did all I wanted, and yet, somehow, it wasn't quite what I wanted. I'm sure she loved me, but not, as she told me at first, with the same love she had felt for Sands.

"We used to talk about him, and it made me nigh mad at times to see her eyes sparkle and her face glow when I praised him. She was always more fond of me after I'd been talking of Sands.

"She couldn't see a fault in him. I've heard a good deal in my time about first love and second love, and that sort of thing, but my opinion is this, that a woman can only love once with that kind of love that sees no faults—that kind of love that takes up all *his* opinions, his views—so that if you know his you know hers.

"Well, if they do get married in this state of mind, they don't wake out of it for a long time—mostly they don't, for that kind of love isn't found much after twenty; it's like a fever—they have it, and they're safe then. Other things weigh with them—a man's position, his means, and so on. They get more set then, criticise (don't you call it?) a man, know his faults, admit them to others, but then they do their duty almost better in the one case than the other; still a man feels somehow which kind of love he's got, and he's never quite satisfied without the first kind—at least I think so. I remember one night, about three months after we were married, I'd been talking of Sands a good deal to somebody who'd been to supper with us, and she was quite alive, I could see—made me describe him, and listened as though *she'd* never heard it all before. We locked up the house and went to bed—that room, right over your head, was our bedroom—she fell asleep almost directly with one hand under my neck, and her face to me. I was awake, for, you see, I'd been talking and got excited a little. It was a moonlight night, and the light came in between the blind and the side of the window right on her face.

"I was looking at her, as I said, half on my back and half on my side; presently she put her other hand to my face, and stroked it as tender as if I'd been a baby, and murmured, 'John, dear John,' and then drew my face to hers, and kissed me. She was dead asleep, too; but, by G—d, Sir, it was a thing I shall never forget! How I felt then! It was an awful thing to hear her say 'John, dearest John,' and my name Ben. She was dreaming of him, and he was dead; but I didn't get over that for some time. Next morning she told me she'd been dreaming of him, and that she had kissed him. I didn't tell her I knew it before, though, for she was always as kind as could be to me when awake; still, you know, it goes to prove that she hadn't the kind of love for me that I wanted, and I couldn't make her feel any different if I spoke ever so much, so I never told her.

"After this, it happened once or twice; but I used to wake her up by touching her, or some way or another. I couldn't bear it, you see. By G—d, I couldn't, Sir! You fancy your wife whispering 'John, dearest John,' and your name Ben all the while.

"So we lived on for about ten years; she's been dead fifteen years come next Michaelmas; 23d September she died, in that room where I sleep now. I don't know what she died of; but she kept getting paler and thinner and more dreamy in the daytime for years; then took to her bed, and was there nigh upon six months. Just before she died she made me tell her all about how Sands died, and what he said; and she took the two bits of the sixpence in her right hand, and shut it fast, and told me she'd like to be buried with 'em there.

"'There's one thing,' she says, 'I should like, too, Ben dear, if you don't mind; you won't be angry with me?' 'Angry with her,' and she lay dying! I told her I'd do any thing that she asked me.

"'Can't you put poor John's name on the tombstone, Ben?'

"'I don't know how, Esther; it ain't as if you'd been his wife.'

"I didn't mean this unkind, and she knew it, for we always talked that way about it.

"'But he meant to make me his wife; didn't he, Ben?'

"'He did, Esther, I'm sure.'

"'Can't you say that, then, on it?'

"'I don't see how. I'll speak to the curate about it, so as to make it look proper.'

"'Thank you, Ben. You've been a good husband to me, Ben—better than I deserved; but I didn't deceive you, did I, Ben? I told you at first I couldn't feel for you like I did for poor John; didn't I, Ben?'

"'You did, Esther, and I know it, and I have felt it; but you've been a good wife to me, you've done your duty to me, and thank you for it.' You see I never could say much, if I felt ever so.

"The curate's wife came in just then, and Esther's eyes looked bright; that little gray-eyed woman made every body look better for being with her.

"'Esther, can I do any thing for you?'

"'My boy will want a mother; be one to him, will you?'

"'That I will, Esther;' and she came round to the bedside and kissed her.

"'Ben, take my hand, and hold it in yours, dear.'

"I took her hand, and held it till she died. Just before she died, she said,

"'God bless you, Ben. I'm sorry to leave you, dear, but I'm going to him. I'll tell him you kept your promise. Be as kind to his boy as you've been to me, Ben. God bless you!'

"She never spoke again, but lay quite still for an hour or more with her eyes shut, and I only knew she was dead when her hand felt cold.

"'Come, Ben,' says the curate's wife, 'you mustn't stay here now, it will do you no good. Come, Ben.'

"She took my hand, and I took hers, and she led me down stairs to this room, and put me in the chair you're sitting in. She gave her orders to the servant about getting somebody to come. I couldn't let go her hand; it seemed to keep me alive; and she let it stay there. I seemed to fancy that Esther was not dead when I held that hand. I don't know how long she staid. Esther died at eight; and they told me afterward that the curate had been, and seen me holding his wife's hand, and left her there till I fell asleep, about two o'clock; so that six mortal hours did she sit beside me. It was the kindest thing I ever knew even a woman do. Some people might think it foolish. I think it saved me my reason, for I felt as if I was out of my mind when I found Esther's hand get cold.

"I went to the funeral, and we had a stone put up; and you can see it in the church-yard there. We had put on it,

"'Sacred to the memory of Esther, the intended wife of John Sands, and wife of Benjamin Stevens.'

"It would make no difference to her whether I put it on or not, but I always keep my word, you know; can't feel it right to break it to any but mad people, when you've made them a promise to keep them quiet. I don't know that it's right even then."

"And the son?"

"Oh, he's captain of the *Clara*, now gone to Melbourne. He was away when she died. He didn't want to go to sea; but, as I told him, his mother's story would be sure to leak out, and he'd find ashore that he'd have hard lines on account of it; so he went to sea, and he's been captain this last three years, and a thorough good seaman too."

"I see you don't wear your wife's wedding-ring."

"No; I couldn't get it over any of my fingers, it's so small; but it's not colder now than it was when she had it on her finger."

"Well, Ben, yours is a strange story."

"Perhaps it is; but there's many a stranger stowed away in some men's hearts; ay, and many a log that, overhauled, would make men stare a little."

"Perhaps you'll let me look at what you call your 'land-logs' some day."

"Oh yes. It's no use living if you don't do some good; and perhaps somebody might be happier for knowing what Ben Stevens had seen in his sixty years' voyage."

I went through the church-yard home, and looked at the tombstone, and felt a respect for the old sailor who goes about with his wife's wedding-ring on his heart—not the less either because his fingers had been made too large by toil for the ring to fit them. I began to think it possible that a hard hand and a soft heart may exist together. I feel satisfied that they are united in my friend Ben Stevens.

## THE LEGEND OF LITTLE PEARL.

"POOR little Pearl, good little Pearl!"
Sighed every kindly neighbor;
It was so sad to see a girl
So tender, doomed to labor.

A wee bird fluttered from its nest
Too soon, was that meek creature·
Just fit to rest in mother's breast,
The darling of fond Nature.

God shield poor little ones, where all
Must help to be bread-bringers!
For once afoot, there's none too small
To ply their tiny fingers.

Poor Pearl, she had no time to play
The merry game of childhood;
From dawn to dark she worked all day,
A wooding in the wild wood.

When others played, she stole apart
In pale and shadowy quiet,
Too full of care was her child heart
For laughter running riot.

Hard lot for such a tender life,
And miserable guerdon;
But like a womanly wee wife,
She bravely bore her burden.

One wintry day they wanted wood
When need was at the sorest;
Poor Pearl, without a bit of food,
Must up and to the forest.

But there she sank down in the snow,
All over numbed and aching:
Poor little Pearl, she cried as though
Her very heart was breaking.

The blinding snow shut out the house
From little Pearl so weary;
The lonesome wind among the boughs
Moaned with its warnings eerie.

To little Pearl a Child-Christ came,
With footfall light as fairy;
He took her hand, he called her name,
His voice was sweet and airy.

His gentle eyes filled tenderly
With mystical wet brightness:
"And would you like to come with me,
And wear this robe of whiteness?"

He bore her bundle to the door,
Gave her a flower when going:
"My darling, I shall come once more,
When the little bud is blowing."

Home very wan came little Pearl,
But on her face strange glory:
They only thought, "What ails the girl?"
And laughed to hear her story.

Next morning mother sought her child,
And clasped it to her bosom;
Poor little Pearl, in death she smiled,
And the rose was full in blossom.

## THACKERAY ON TRUE GENTLEMEN.

THE London *Saturday Review* lately sneered at Thackeray for not being a "true gentleman." The great novelist replies in the new number of the *Cornhill*, as follows:

"MINE EASE IN MINE INN.—Do you object to talk about inns? It always seems to me to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of inns. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' there is plenty of inn-talk. Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett constantly speak about them; and, in their travels, the last two tot up the bill, and describe the dinner quite honestly; while Mr. Sterne becomes sentimental over a cab, and weeps generous tears over a donkey; but then you know the *Superfine Review* says he was such 'a true gentleman.'

"I wonder whether my Superfine friend ever heard of Dutens' 'Memoirs.' There is a good story about the true gentleman there narrated, and in which Lawrence appears amusing, lively, and lying.

"'I was seated at dinner,' says Dutens, 'between my Lord Berkeley and the famous Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy," looked upon as the English Rabelais. The dinner was very gay: it was the King of England's birthday, and we drank after the English fashion, and according to the day. The conversation happening to fall on Turin, Mr. Sterne asked me if I knew M. Dutens, naming myself. All the company began to laugh, and Sterne, who did not know I was so near, supposed this Monsieur Dutens must be a queer person, as the mention of his mere name set every one laughing. "He is a very singular man, is he not?" says Sterne. "Quite an original," said I. "So I supposed," continued Sterne; "I have heard of him." And hereupon he set to work to make a portrait of me while I pretended acquiescence in all he said. Seeing that the subject amused the company, out of the fertility of his imagination he invented several stories, which lasted, to the general diversion, until it was time to take leave. I was the first to go, and was scarcely out of the house, when they told him who I was, adding, that out of respect for Lord Tavistock, I had restrained myself, but that I was a not very tractable person, and he might be sure that on the morrow I should call him to account for his statements regarding me. He thought himself that he had carried the raillery too far, for he was a little gay: and next day he came to see me, and asked my pardon for any thing he had said which might displease me, excusing himself from the circumstance and the desire he had to amuse the company, which he saw was so diverted the moment my name was mentioned. I stopped him short, assuring him that I had been as much amused as any body, that he had said nothing to offend me, and that if he had known the person of whom he spoke as well as I did, he might have said a great deal more harm of him. He was enchanted with my reply, embraced me, asked for my friendship, and quitted me very much pleased with me.'

"Ah, dear Lawrence! You are lucky in having such a true gentleman as my friend to appreciate you! You see he was lying, but then he was amusing the whole company. When Lawrence found they were amused, he told more lies. Your true gentlemen always do. Even to get the laugh of the company at a strange table, perhaps you and I would not tell lies: but then we are not true gentlemen. And see in what a true gentlemanlike way Lawrence carries off the lies! A man who wasn't accustomed to lying might be a little disconcerted at meeting with a person to whose face he had been uttering abuse and falsehood. Not so Lawrence. He goes to Dutens:—it is true he had heard the other was *peu traitable*—a rough customer (if my Superfine friend will pardon the vulgarity of the expression); he goes to Dutens, embraces him, and asks for his friendship! Heaven bless him! Who would not be honored by the friendship of a true gentleman, who had just told lies about you to your face?

"Several years ago, when I was preparing some lectures in which Sterne was mentioned, a gentleman from Bath sent me Sterne's own journal to Eliza, another gentleman's wife, whom our reverend friend was courting a good deal. Now, in Sterne's published letters there are indications of three or four wives at least to whom the true gentleman made love—his own not included. Among the objects of the affection of that noble heart is a

certain Lady P., to whom the divine makes the fiercest avowals of love—as a true gentleman, of course, should. This letter to Lady P. in the printed collection bears no date but Tuesday, and appears among the early letters of 1767. After making hot love to her ladyship, the noble creature says if she won't see him that evening, he will go to Miss ——'s benefit, for which he has a box-ticket.

"What actress had a benefit on a Tuesday in 1767? On Tuesday, 21st April, Miss Pope and Miss Poitier had benefits respectively at Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and unless Lady P. gave her reverend friend, the true gentleman, the assignation which he wanted, it is probable Yorick went to the theatre.

"Did he note this little fact in his journal to his dear Eliza in India? Not one word did the true fellow whisper about the circumstance. Would I stab thy true heart, my Eliza, by confessing frailties which are trivial in true gentlemen? No, tender and confiding creature! I will lie to thee. That is much easier. And accordingly Lawrence says not one word about the play or Lady P. to Eliza, but tells her how he is very ill, how the doctors have been with him, and how he is not long for this wicked world; in fact, he departed in the next year. Ah! Mr. Saturday Reviewer, next time you go out of your way to sneer at living, and bepraise dead gentlemen, pick a better specimen than this wretched old sinner. I may not be good enough for a person of your lordship's fine taste, and you feel justly indignant at my familiarity: but Mr. Sterne?—Come, come. I thought this was to be a chapter about inns? Oh, yes: but I stopped to have a ride on Sterne's dead donkey.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Burnett's Cocoaine.

This is an article which we can heartily recommend, and that from knowing its great virtues. One particular case in our family of its efficacy we will mention. The person had suffered with a low fever, which was most tedious, and which left her with a terrible neuralgia in the head. The effect of these complaints was to cause much of the hair to fall off, and there seemed to be no power in the skin to give life to what remained. After she had tried some other preparations with no good results, we procured for her a bottle of *Cocoaine*, and the change which its use soon made was truly remarkable. The roots of the hair at once received new life, and before a bottle had been used the large spot upon the top of the head, which appeared to be bald, was covered with what seemed a new growth of hair. And now she has as fine and healthy a head of hair as before her sickness. This Cocoaine is also a valuable article for children's hair, which is very apt to be dry. A very small quantity will keep their hair moist and their heads clean.

What we say of this article we say from our own actual knowledge, not for the sake of puffing the Cocoaine, but because we think others may be benefitted by our experience.—*Boston Christian Freeman.*

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The undersigned having purchased of the assignee the entire estate of the above bankruptcy, has, for the convenience of the public, congregated the whole at the store
361 BROADWAY,
which he has
Rented for the space of sixty days,
with a view of effecting a total clearance of the same.

This elegant stock, comprising
Paris imported Cloaks,
Rich and elaborate Velvet Cloaks,
Handsome Paris Cloth Cloaks,
Arabian and Zouave Bournous, &c.,
Together with a large collection of
Ladies' FURS,
Including Russian Sable Sets,
Hudson Bay Sable Sets,
Mink Marten Sets,
Chinchilla and Royal Ermine,
Fitch, Stone Marten, &c.,

Having been obtained at a merely nominal price compared with its original cost, will be offered on such advantageous terms as to be almost incredible to the beholder, in order to close out the whole within the limited time, the premises being required to be pulled down.

This property is still in course of distribution, and intending purchasers are recommended to make an early inspection.

Wholesale buyers desirous of participating in the advantages which this sale offers can purchase for net cash before 10 o'clock in the morning. J. W. PROCTOR,
Transferee of the estate of Bulpin, Gregson & Elliott,
361 Broadway, New York.

**MUSICAL BOXES,**
Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes.
PAILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical boxes repaired. 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

**MITCHELL'S SILVER OIL**
**For Sewing Machines.**
CARLE & STRONG, Agents, 153 Water Street, N. Y.

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USE LYONS KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR.

**GOLD PENS.**

BARD, BROTHERS & CO., manufacturers of Gold Pens, Pen and Pencil Cases, No. 21 Maiden Lane, New York. Also, Manufacturers of Bard & Wilson's Patent Angular Nib Gold Pens. Manufactory, Brooklyn, Conn. Gold Pens repaired or exchanged.

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Is mild and agreeable in its operation, and effectually cleanses the system of all impurities without occasioning any prostration of strength, or requiring any confinement or change of diet.